

Noreen - Continued.

knocked off".

"What else do you see Susie?"

Susie. "I see a long long hill to climb - a long long hill! Let me look at yo hand honey - Here's love, here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but my! Yo is fond of luxury, and an easy time, but sho as yo life Miss yo has a long long hill to climb."

Constance. "Nonsense Susie! You will scare her to death! That long long hill is the toboggan slide. I hear Jamie's call this minute (and she answers the yodle-like summons from without by an answer from within.)

Constance. (Calls)"William, open the door for Jamie Buchanan"
"Now, Noreen - for our toboggan togs"
(Jamie is ushered in. He is undoubtedly country born and bred, very wholesome to look at, but very shy) "Hello Jamie! Well! How you have grown. I tell you it is grand to see a real boy again."
"Noreen, let me introduce Jamie Buchanan, Miss Noreen Robertson - Jamie Buchanan"(Susie takes out tea things)

Jamie Buchanan. "How do you do Miss Robertson. Glad to see you home again Constance!"(Stands in awkward silence till he spys Mrs. Hawthorne)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Come over here Jamie. How is your mother?
Jamie - Thank her for inviting the girls over for supper. I am very pleased to let them go. I want them to have a good holiday Jamie, and I can depend on you to help."
(The girls are by this time undoing the parcel on the sofa and trying on caps and sweaters. Priscilla McGirr comes in from the hall with an armful of more practical looking woollens. In the struggle to release the shawl strap, a Ouija Board slips out and

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"Noreen, let me introduce Jamie Buchanan, Miss Noreen Robertson - Jamie Buchanan" (Susie takes out tea things) *you about the chap who was for Wales Sabot and ship*

Jamie Buchanan. "How do you do Miss Robertson. Glad to see you home again Constance!" (Stands in awkward silence till he spys Mrs. Hawthorne) *Shall I ask him for that hat?*

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Come over here Jamie. How is your mother?"
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Constance! I want to give Jamie now the first starting!

Mrs. Hawthorne - continued.

rolls with a clatter on the floor)

William. "Fo de Lawd's sake, what dat Miss Constance?

Noreen. "Oh William! That's a Ouija Board, and William, it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead!

William. (Scared to death) "I've seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from de daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but today I'd rather hear from the living than the daid - But still, Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angel at Mons, and the Three Horsemen and the Choir Invisible" -

Constance. "Put it away Noreen, I am sure Grandmother would not like William or Susie to try it".

William. "Ask her if I can Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress!

Noreen. "Does she believe in this?"

William. (Shocked) "No! She gets messages ^{is past this} ~~from the dead~~ ^{another way} another way. You know they is her guardian angels - and she says when we need messages from our ~~loved ones who have passed over~~ ^{dear} loved ones, that Love will find a way - Love never dies (she says) Oh no! she does not believe in the things folks is doing nowadays. She sholy walks with God! Look at her now, I speck she is telling Jamie about our bran new calf".

Constance. "William, have we got a calf?" ^{You didn't tell me that}

William. ^{What a stupid} "Ofcourse we have, and that was to be a surprise when you went hunting for fresh eggs in the mawnin, but I was so excited over this board, I ³¹ blabbed it out: "

Mrs. Hawthorne - continued.

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William. *Oh what a stupid I am* "Ofcourse we have, and that was to be a surprise when you went hunting for fresh eggs in the mawnin, but I was so excited over this board, I blabbed it out."

Constance (Goes over to her grandmother)

"grandmother, William tells me we have a bran new calf, and what else Grandmother?" (petting her)
"You are such a pet! Come on darling upstairs with me for a minute, but before you go dear, you won't mind Eoreen showing Jamie and William how to work the Ouija Board? It is such fun Grandmother dear."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "No Constance, if they only have fun with it, but look at William's face now! (William stands over the Ouija board in terrified contemplation! "He is so much a child, with the imagination of a child, and the superstition of his race as well."
(Mrs. Hawthorne and Constance go out)

Eoreen. (At a sign from Constance)
"Sit down William and place your hands here. Now go ahead - who would you like to speak to?"

William. ^{h. d. m.}
"Ise bothered all day and so is Miss Hawthorne, and I'd like to speak to Marse Hawthorne and ask him if all dis fambly am well, but since I heard that nigger of McOutcheons talk about de wee gee board, Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but he's a liar, for he says "We won de war; when he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him! "

Eoreen. "Sit down William, and place your hands here - now go ahead, ask for Mr. Hawthorne".

William. "Marse Hawthorne is yo dere?"

Eoreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes!"

William. "Is - yo - sho - yo is dere Marse Hawthorne?"

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Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."

Susie. (Who has been watching the proceedings in unfeigned terror)
"Fo de Lawd's Sake! Look how his hands are trembling!
Is yo sho Miss Noreen dat Marse Hawthorne am dere?"
Hush look Susie

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."

William. "Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - yes."

William. "Yes - it - says - Yes. Well, Ise glad to hear dat, cause all day Miss Hawthorne, she's getting messages and Ise kind of feeling myself that something was wrong - Fo de Lawd's Sake! I feel mighty queer!"

Noreen. *(Never mind how you feel)*
"Is there anyone else you would like to speak to William?"

William. "Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's niggah tole me dat dey won de war - he comes from New York - Ise been bothered like - I would like to ask Marse Lincoln who won de war. He would tell de trufe."

Noreen. "All right William, ask to speak to Mr. Abraham Lincoln."

William. "I like to do dat. Marse Lincoln I like to speak to yo Sir, if you please."

Noreen. "That's right William."

William. "Is yo dere Marse Lincoln?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes!"

William. "Marse Lincoln who won de war?"

Jamie. (Comes hurriedly to table and exclaims)
"Oh let me try."

*Noreen - No dont you touch it -
Jamie - It wont hurt me Miss Robertson 71*

Susie. (Who has been watching the proceedings in unfeigned terror)
"Fo de Lawd's Sake! Look how his hands are trembling!
Is yo sho Miss Noreen dat Marse Hawthorne am dere?"
Push - Look Susie
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"Oh let me try".

how - no doubt you touch it.

Janie - It won't hurt me Russ R.
So me that D.B. is just
pure Rubbish -
Bosh Say 2.

Mrs. Hawthorne - Continued.

"Be with him oh Lord" I said.

On that very night, and at that very minute, my brother was in danger of being swept over the Alkali Cliffs! The wind began to blow, and the sheep invariably moved by the wind, began to travel fast towards the cliff - My brother on Burr's back was being swept before them. I thought of you, and immediately I heard the words "Send the dog over their backs, tell him to kill the Bell Wether". I did and the sheep turned to follow the movements of the dog!" *he said*

Jamie.

"Mother has always wanted you to tell me about that Mrs. Hawthorne, thank you very much."

Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Yes Jamie, your mother knows I have heard my children call to me when we were separated by land and sea. I have heard them call from the Spirit Land - their precious messages have not been brought to me by strangers. Love has ever been the messenger, and Love will find a way."

Jamie.

"Tell us some more".

Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Not today Jamie, I must be listening for their call. 'Tis time for your slide, so off you go."

Constance.

"All right Grandmother, dear."

Noreen.

"Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne."

Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Jamie, do not trust to the old slide, the

Jamie - Thank you Mrs Hawthorne that is
a fine example of telepathy

Noreen What do you mean by telepathy

Jamie Getting messages from the living

Noreen But they can get them from the

dead too I have heard of lots of cases

Jamie I've never heard of one yet that could

not be explained by telepathy or mind

reading

Noreen But I have, if Sir Oliver Lodge does

not convince you what about Cousin Doyle

and other ^{Dr Oliver Lodge says telepathy may be so common} scientists

Jamie I've read a good deal of their so-called

science but it does not convince me

What do you think Mrs Hawthorne -

Do you believe we can get messages

from the dead -

Mrs Hawthorne - There are no dead!

~~I believe in immortality~~

Jamie There you are Mrs Roberson - If

you do the truth - you shall know the truth

the knowed! Tell us some more

Mrs Hawthorne not today Jamie I must be looking
for a message from the living that are
far away - It's time for you to slide so off
you go

Mrs Hawthorne - I believe we can William
I believe that spirit with spirit can
meet - for closer are they than breathing
nearer than hands or feet - but
whether they can talk to us or not
I am still in doubt -

There are great moments of experience
in life that we never can speak about
so I believe there are great moments
of spiritual influence when we are
quiet enough to hear even spirit voices
for love is eternal but whether we can
translate those messages into words I know not
but this I know you can hear from
the living even though you are
separated by land and sea.

You remember the night I heard
your young master calling to me
William now go and do your chores don't
forget the little calf -

Constance Tell Helen about that message
from the children! The world is filled with
messages

James

SANTA FILOMENA

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle-plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors
The cold and stony floors.

Lo, in that House of Misery
A Lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in Heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went.
The light shone and was spent.

A lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic Womanhood.

13



COMPOSITIONS



The Message

By Emma Scott Mason

spirit with spirit call meet closer are they
than breathing nearer than hands or feet

Alfred Tennyson

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne

Constance Hawthorne her granddaughter

Mrs. Robert Robinson Constance's school friend

Russella M^{rs} Liss niece and companion to Mrs. Hawthorne

Sadie Smoot Mrs. Hawthorne's housemaid

William King Family servant man and boy
for fifty years

James Greenman a neighbor's son

^{in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in}
The scene is laid in Canada at the present time

and she answers ~~the~~ ~~answerable~~ yes dear
I hear you calling - tell your mother
~~what is wrong~~ - then

2 goes over to the window looks out
and then ~~as~~ she arranges the
flowers ^{and water from} ~~from~~ ^{from} a can near the
books and ~~begins~~ ^{begins} cushions she seems to be ~~looking~~
~~and~~ talking to herself then calls

Mrs Hawthorne - Priscilla - Priscilla
Priscilla - Yes Aunt Elizabeth

Mrs. Hawthorne - I just got word from

the Post Office and see if you
can find it.

Priscilla - I have been this morning
in Hawthorne - Ray but the train from

the North was not in the

Priscilla - Are you expecting a letter
from Hawthorne by the way I feel

Today I shall get a message

All day someone has been calling

to me (I get then suddenly jerk the

head in the door suddenly, do you)

(William (wife) something wrong with Mrs

Hawthorne - This so uneasy all day

goes around talking to herself
By the way she is acting I
spec^o we will get a message
Mrs Hawthorne -

Pussula goes off then William
starts begins to hum even louder
I see my little souls going to shine
shine bright enough to attract Mrs
Hawthorne's attention - , she looks pretty
at the door and in a hurry
Mrs Hawthorne comes in with
a hat full of eggs

Mrs Hawthorne - Come in William

William - (An old negro enters - he carries in his hand a cap evidently filled with eggs ^{by the way it was} putting it down on the little table in front of Mrs Hawthorne, he carefully puts on a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses and after examining the egg closely he says) Look Mrs Hawthorne what the old spec's egg (clunkling) she got busy again - Yes what her egg looks some as if three more of them is earning their board and keep and keeping down the high cost of living. Look at them beauties (says eggs in Mrs Hawthorne's cap - Yes, and I say to myself - Mrs Hawthorne will be glad to know that Dancy's got the finest little calf ⁱⁿ ever saw - for sure you live Mrs Hawthorne when I go into the barn Mrs Hawthorne there the finest little red heifer

William snuggled up close to Daisy's side and
(continued) Things is looked up -

Sadie (Enters with a tea tray and after motioning
to William to take his cap off the table places
the tray on the little table and elevating
her eyebrows at William ^{tho} William yo better
be lookin down instead of up - See
yo feet all over dirt coming in here
bothering the mothers with yo bare
talk (she gathers the eggs and flourishes
out of the room)

Mrs Hawthorne Ask Sadie!

William yo gave Daisy the warm stall
last night? And yo didnt fold the
bedding?

William Yo Mrs Hawthorne I left her snug as
a bug last night and she is awfully
comfortable now

Mrs Hawthorne William yo remember that Miss
Constance comes home tonight for
her holidays - She is bringing one of 139

Mrs H. her school friends from the city -
Take the double cutter and the big
beavis robe when you go to the Depot to
meet them

William Lee got them all ready Mrs Hawthorne
Lee going to give them a good drive
around by the old mill - you know
that was always a favorite ride of
my little Missy's and she will like
to show her friends from the city. He
Lee peled up at the dam (William goes
out humming) Don my little sons going to
shame!

Mrs Hawthorne (let's silent for awhile then he hear
her say) Yes darling I hear you calling to
me ^{all these long day -} What is wrong dear tell your Mother
She is listening" (pours out tea and cups
it apparently listening to voices we cannot hear)
William (Enters with an armful of wood and
carefully put it in the wood box) ^{shook by style} Did
Miss Fairchilda scout Mrs Hawthorne. 13¹⁰

Mrs Hawthorne - Yes William I sent her to the
Post Office to see if there was any mail
William - I was there this morning Mrs Hawthorne
is you worried about anything -

Mrs Hawthorne Yes William I've been looking
for news all day I seem to hear someone
calling me all day!

William - Well now that's strange Mrs Hawthorne
but I seems to feel like that myself -
I do too but I specs it is cause we
is excited over Mrs Constance coming
home - You know I have been powerful
lonely for dat little lady since she
went away to school - I spose so
cause I helped to raise her, the
po little thing she was such a
little peck army when her ma
Miss Kemmott died I often think -
Sister-in-law William ~~you~~ had better be
getting on with - your work - instead of
thinking - what will I have you to think

when the trains are whistling out to
Parker's corner - Such a word to bring
in when Miss Cornaby comes home to

William I suddenly am ashamed of this word
(continued) ~~He says this as to her, since coming~~ If that
White Muffin Johnson comes fooling with
one word pile I'll break every bone in
Sue's - (turning over him in rage) What's dat you
say about the Johnsons? You is going the
look for dat train I heard it whistle
at the cross-roads a minute ago
Mrs Hawthorne Post Sue's!

Do not worry about the word William go
and open the door for Miss Prescilla
and see if she has any mail

Prescilla (comes in apprehensively) She has a
telegram in her hand which she hides
in her muff as Mrs Hawthorne turns around
Mrs Hawthorne - did you get any mail at the
Post Office Prescilla

Prescilla No Auntie were you expecting any?

Mrs Hawthorne Yes I have been thinking all
day that we would get some news
from the northland - all day I seem

Mrs Hawthorne) to be getting messages from them
(continued)

Pussella - I met Mrs Buchanan at the post office
and she sent her love to you Aunt Elizabeth
and told me she would like Constance and
her friend to go over there for supper - you
remember you promised Jamie that he
could take the girls tobogganing after
they had a cup of tea

Mrs Hawthorne Oh yes so I did! that would be
very nice ^{they could go home with Jamie} I wonder if those children
have brought warm enough clothes to go
tobogganing - Pussella you better go upstairs
and look in the big chest in the
closet off Constance's room. There you
will find sweaters, mittens, shoes
and stockings - (Pussella goes to go)

Wait till you have a cup of tea (mugs
tell Susan come in) Susan make me
fresh pot of tea. Your young mistress
and her friend from Toronto will be 1313

Mrs Hawthorne along in a few moments -
(continued) Have your muffins ready to pop
into the oven when they come ~~the~~ the bells
we will not ~~open~~ this big dining-room
doubt - The children are washed
out to supper & spread our ^{table} supper
as usual. Priscilla will you please get my little
Constance (the door is thrown open and Constance
and her friend rush in) "Grandmother
doubtless here we are Home at last!"
(Throwing her arms around her grandmother
she hugs and kisses her repeatedly)
Oh excuse me Grandmother - may I
introduce my friend Mureen Robertson
Mureen this is my grandmother now
did you ever see any thing sweeter
than my gramma.

Hullo Cousin Priscilla! - Mrs Priscilla
the girl - Mrs Mureen Robertson
Mrs Hawthorne (Grets Mureen with old fashioned
courtesy) You are very welcome dear 13.14

Mr. Hawthorne I hope you will enjoy yourself
(continued) in our old-fashioned home. Constance's
- friends are all waiting to give you a
good time and you will have a
good time if you enjoy winter sports.
Constance come here, take off your
hat, where are your hands?

Constance - Oh they are still there. Grandmother
just covered over with fluff, because
of dear you they are still safely bound
around my head. But my good camouflage
is it not? ^{as her grandmother intended the hands} Be thankful I am dear
that they are not cut off and my
hair bobbed like Horace's for that
is the prevailing epidemic in the
city just now.

William enters piled high with bundles. He
is making his way upstairs when
Constance stops him. (William puts
down those bundles and come here
Grandmother you never saw anyone

Constance so dignified as William down
(crouched) at the station why he hardly
looked at me. Come here William
and he properly introduced. Where
this is William and his the best old
soul, He helped to raise me about
the grandmother. He carried me on
my bundles around all his life.
William (grinning) No! Not all my life
Miss Constance but all yo life!
(Then with a profound bow to Noreen)
How do you do Miss. I'm glad to make
yo acquaintance yo is mighty welcome.
I see you is a lady or you
wouldn't be here!

Susie (baking with Mary for tea) How do do Mrs. ^{Constance}
Constance ^{Constance} Susie! What you got made that
muffin dish Susie. I bet a million
dollars there com muffins are potato
cakes.

Susie. Yo miss yo bet Miss Conny they is, and
yo better get to eating them. They is
burning cold from neglect - all
they needs is your sweet lips. atastem
them to make them grow hot again.
William (who is trying to get a chance to
speak) you go and attend to yo own
business - you better put yo house on fire.
William (ignoring Susie) Miss Constance
I got a very particular message to
deliver to yo as soon as yo got time
to listen - Dick Green is home from
de war. You remember he was Thass
Paul Pomeroys Palman away over
dere in France. Hes home now
and hes brought a message for yo
from France (going close to Constance)
and hes brought a present for yo -
Constance Hush William - Dick Green home
Splendid old Dick - Uncle Eddie

Constance told me there was no holding him in
(continued the pen when the war broke out and
when he heard the Cavalry Brigade
was going he became positively
unconquerable "Let me out of here
I got as good right to serve my
country as anyone! Let me out
of here whose to take care of those
Pauls horse (he said) I'll come back
after the war is over, if I'm alive
and go back ^{the pen} in if you want me to
but I am going to have this chance
that to prove that my soul is white
even if my body is black

William got right into Constance's right
and day let him out all right and off
he went to be present with the first
Contingent-

Constance - So you hear that Koller an
old gray-haired negro (tender me

Constance. William ^{went} off to the war, ^{among} the first
(continued) to go and among the last to return.
Listen Woreen that's not the end of it -
He has brought his Master's horse home
and they both have decorations - Honey
that's one of the war records we are
proud of in this old town and we
have two V.C.'s here.

Woreen - Out of the Pen do you mean
the Penitentiary Constance? Is that what
you said.

Constance Yes that is what I said and
that is what I mean. He got in there by
mistake, instead of the other fellow
Uncle Eddie says I and ^{Uncle Eddie} know
Mrs Hawthorne. Constance darling don't get so
excited.

Constance But grandmother just let me tell
Woreen one thing more about Dick we
have known Dick all our life
haven't we grandmother?

Mrs Hawthorne - yes dear.

Constance - Well you know Noreen when I
was a wee little girl we used to
go up the lakes every year on the
Nancy Jane ^{well}. Dick was head cook
on that boat and one day he put
me on the deck waiter and sent
me down into the kitchen to get a
little pie he had made for me
after that I went every day for a
ride on the deck waiter and every
day I found at the end of my
journey a little pie ^{a tatty for company} made specially
for me.

Mrs Hawthorne Have another cup of tea Noreen
Noreen. Thank you.

Constance (Susie enters with hot water) come and
tell me for Noreen and Grandmother about
straining the tea this time (Constance goes
over to William who comes in with some

Constance (more bundles) Back from the
bar with news from Paul what did
you say about a present William? And
she directs him to place bundle on
sofa at the left, Susie please tell
Wrens fortune first She is so impatient
she cannot wait.

Susie (Studying Wrens cup) I see here a
very fair person with a golden
head and something very heavy
hanging over it -

~~Constance~~ - Susie you are a witch that's the
Prince with the golden head, the Prince
of Wales and that's the crown of England
he's threatened with. I believe it is
hanging heavy heavy over his golden
head - He all fell in love with him in London
He danced and danced with Wrens
and ever since her temperature has
either been sub-normal or over 100

Constance - I tell you it is pretty hard on
all her friends ~~Constance~~ ^{I have} brought her
up here to be cured of the Pience -

Moreen - (In a dreamy far away tone) I don't want to
be cured - He is just a dear boy. He told
me he wished he was a cowboy
He wants to have fun like other boys
and he's got to be a King.
I'd like to know who would want to
be a King these days. They are all
getting their heads knocked off -
What else do you see Casie?

Lusie I see a long long hill to climb
a long long hill - Let me look at
your hand Honey - Nue's love, Nue's smile
Your heart will lead but my eye is
fond of looking and an easy time
but do as you like Nue's eye has a
long long hill to climb

Constance Nonsense Lusie you will scare her

Constance to death, that long long hill is
Constance the toboggan slide I hear Jamie
~~calls~~ ^{calls} this minute (and she answers
the yodel-like summons from without by
Constance ~~calls~~ ^{calls} from within William opens
the door for Jamie Buchanan now
Noreen for our toboggan ride (Jamie
is ushered in he is undoubtedly County
born and had very wholesome looks
at but very shy) Hello Jamie! Well!
how you have grown I tell you it's
grand to see a real boy again
Noreen let me introduce ~~the~~ Jamie
Buchanan, Mrs Noreen Robinson
~~Mr~~ Jamie Buchanan. (Daisy takes out tea)
Jamie Buchanan. How do you do Mrs
Robinson, glad to see you home
again Constance (stands in awkward
silence till he spies Mrs Hawthorne
Mrs Hawthorne Come over here Jamie

Mrs Hawthorne (How is your Mother Jamie thank
Continued) her for wanting the gals over
for supper I am very pleased to
let them go - I want them to have
a good holiday Jamie and I can
depend on you to help. Give them to
(The gals are by this time undressing & are seated
on the sofa and trying on caps and
sweaters. Rosella M^{rs} G^{un} comes in from
the hall with an awful of more
practical looking notions, in the struggle
to release the shawl shap a linen
board slips out and rolls with a
clatter on the floor.

William - To de Lawds sake what dat
Mrs Constance?

Niece Ah William that a linen board and
William I tells you all about the living
and brings you messages from the dead
William (Scared to death) I've seed the picture

William of the in Evelyn's catalogue!

(Continued) Brings back messages from de dead.

I tell you there is a heap of messages
I'd like to get just now - but today I'd
rather hear from the living than the
dead - But still, I ~~was~~ ^{have} been reading about
Sir Oliver Lodge, and the breaketh plane
and the Angel 'at home' and the three
horsemen and the Invisible choir
Constantine - But if away from I am sure
Grandmother would not like William
or Susan to try it -

William - Ask her if I can say this
Constantine I've been learning a lot
of things lately and I'd like to be
up to date on this spirit business
like the mistress. It

Queen does she believe in this?

William (shocked) No! She gets messages from
the dead ^{another way} & you know they are her garden
Angels - and she says when we need

William Messages from our loved ones
(continued) who have passed over that Love
will find a way - Love never dies
(she says) Well no she does not
believe in the things folks is doing
nowadays - She sholy walks with
God! Look at her how I speak she
is telling Jamie about our brand new calf
Constance - William have we got a calf
William of course we have And that
was the a surprise when you went
hunting for fresh eggs in the mawms
but I was so excited over this board
I blabbed it out!

Constance (Goes over to her grandmother) Grandmother
William tells me we have a brand new calf
and what else Grandmother? (kissing her)
You are such a pet ^{my} you wont mind us
showing William how to work the Quipa
Board - It is such fun Grandmother
Dear

Constance - Come on darling upstairs with -
me for a minute, but before you
go dear you wont mind Nones
showing Janie and I'lliam
how to work the longboard it
is such fun

↖

Mrs Hawthorne - No Constance if ^{they} ~~you~~ only have
fun with it, but look at William's
face now (William stands on the deck
board ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ terrified contemplation)
He is so much a child with the
imagination of a child and the
superstition of his race as well.

[Mrs Hawthorne and Constance go off]
Helen - (at a sign from Constance) Sit down
William and place your hands here
now go ahead, who would you
like to speak to (Constance who by her gesture ^{points} ~~looks~~
^{points} ~~looks~~ ^{into the room} on the other looks into the room)
William - I've bothered all day and so is
Miss Hawthorne and I'd like to speak
to Master Hawthorne and ask him if
all his family are well but since
I heard that M^r Cabbins
talk about the war I ~~say~~ ^{say} ~~am~~ ^{am} ~~afraid~~ ^{afraid}
of it - He says ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~afraid~~ ^{afraid}
of the war and what I want to know
is who is "we" that they get all

from the tree sees

William sort of messages, but has a
(continued) bias for he says dat "we won
de war, when he talks like dat
I feel like I want to gag him.

Noreen Sit down William and place
your hands here now go ahead
ask for Mr Hawthorne

William Marse Hawthorne is yo dere

Noreen Yes - it - says - yes

William Is - yo - sho - goes dere Marse
Hawthorne

Noreen Yes - it - says - yes

Samie (who has been watching the proceedings
in unfeigned terror) To de Lawds take
look how his hands are breunting. Is yo
sho Marse Noreen dat Marse Hawthorne
am dere?

Noreen Yes - it - says - yes -

William Marse Hawthorne is all yo family
well -

Noreen Yes - it - says - yes

William - Yes - it - says - yes - well Ise glad
to hear dat cause all day Miss
Hawthorne, she's getting messages and
Ise kind of feelin myself that
something was wrong & for de Lawd's
sake I feel mighty queer.

Noreen - Is there anyone else you would like
to speak to William

William Indeed there as Mrs. Brown ever
since Mr. Cutcheon's messah told me dat
dey wrong this war he comes from New York
Ise been bothered like - I would like
to ask Marse Lincoln who won de
war - He would tell de trufe

Noreen All right William ask to speak to
Mr. Abraham Lincoln

William I like to do dat Marse Lincoln I
like to speak to yo Sir if you please

Noreen That's right William

William Is yo dere Marse Lincoln

Noreen Yes - it - says - yes!

William, Marse Lincoln who won de war?
Janie (Comes hurriedly to table and exclaims) "Oh
let me try."

Susie "I know who I want to speak to when I
get the chance."

~~William~~ (Apprehensively watching Susie) Who Susie
Susie (Bursting out crying) The mistress knows
~~(This attracts the attention of Mrs Hawthorne who
and she realizes what they are doing - In a
quiet voice she says) Susie come over to me
Poor child - Poor deluded children~~

William (now growing more and more excited his
hands wandering all over the Quaker Board
calls in a loud voice) "Marse Lincoln is
yo still dere - Oh Marse Lincoln what
yo - say - who - won - de - war
Whats dat I am spelling out.

Noreen - (Spelling slowly) w-e - w-o-n - t-h-e -
w-a-r.

William we - oh - who - is be Mrs Hawthorne
Mrs Hawthorne ^{extending} "a quiet voice" We are the dead
13.3

William (jumping up from the table) To God's
Take who said dan words - Was dat
yo Miss Hawthorne did you speak
Mrs Hawthorne. Yes William I got the message
for you - "We are ~~the~~ dead" - Yes ~~that~~
~~is right~~ - They ^{are the only} ~~won't~~ war - ~~they~~ ^{the only}
died that we might live - and they
have won - Put the board away ~~James~~

William (Trembling with excitement) Oh Mrs
Hawthorne, Mrs Hawthorne I see so
excited, on dat board please don't
put it away -

Mrs Hawthorne There is no need to be
excited William that lot of work in
the hands of its questioners is but a
bit of incredible phenomena response
to your will -

William Oh Mrs Hawthorne if we could talk
to some of our friends over the river
Mrs Hawthorne - I believe we can William
Spent with Spent can meet

closer are they than breathing room
than hands or feet
Love will find a way if we can
stand the message.

Love would scorn to come back to
its own through a board or a
paid medium -

When you are quiet enough to
hear these spirit voices love will
find a way - You remember the
night I heard your young master
calling to me William

William Indeed I do Mrs Hawthorne and
William and Susan go off stage]

Constance - Tell Susan about that grandchild
like a dear -

Jennie - Sue always wanted to know
about that too -

Mrs Hawthorne - Sit down children and I
will tell you for all day I have
been hearing some one call to me

A long time ago when I was a young
woman I went away ~~from Colorado~~
I had not been away very long
when my young brother a great
tall boy of sixteen followed
me into that far country. "I cannot
live without you sis and I am
away to find you" - what to do
with the boy was the question?
That night Mr Kestler a sheep rancher
was going back to his ranch and
with him went my brother to tend
sheep and live in the open for
he needed that. Two weeks after he
went away I was awakened by a
cry and springing from my bed
I called out "yes I am here"
What do you want - ^{the next time} ^{the first time} ^{the last time} ^{the only time}
That very night and at that very moment my
brother was in danger of being
swept over the alkali cliffs

The wind began to blow and the sheep
invariably moved by the wind
began to travel fast towards the
Cliffs - My brother on ~~his~~ Barr
back was being swept before him
I thought of you and immediately
I heard the words - Send the
dog over their backs, tell him
to kill the Bell petter - I did
and the sheep turned to follow
the movements of the dog -
Jamie - Mother ^{has always wanted of you to tell} told me about that

Mrs Hawthorne Thank you very much
Mrs Hawthorne Yes Jamie your Mother says.

I have heard my children call
home when we were separated
~~by~~ by Land and Sea that a message from
I have heard them call from the
spirit Land - Their precious messages
have not been brought to me by
strangers. Love has even been the

messenger and Love will find a way
Jannie - Tell us some more

Mrs Hawthorne Not today Jannie I must
be listening for their call

It's time for your slide to off you go
Constance ~~slide~~ light Grandmother dear
Wren. Thank you Mrs Hawthorne

Mrs Hawthorne Jannie do not trust to the
old slide, the sides are rolling -
Take care of my girls and may
you all have a jolly time -

Constance Say good night to Grandmother
you will be asleep now you dear
when we get home good night.

dear - (and she kisses the girls
and then Jannie) I will go to the
door with you (Exit Mrs Hawthorne)

~~Constance~~ enters with Mrs Hawthorne's shippers from
hall door - Susan from Kitchen door with
cloth which she lays for supper
William follows with tray with blue dishes

Procella Cays slips by the fire then comes
to the table and opens telegram
and hands it to William - William
carefully puts on spectacles and
reads in a trembling voice

William Samuel very ill no hope

Maise Samuel very ill no hope, how
vent that just what I asked that
board "Is all our family well?"

Susie - Oh dear dear who is doing to tell
the Mother

William Nobody - she done know!

Lordy how she do get the news befo
anybody else, no need to sho her
this she know - de manum she
said to me if we get any bad
news from the North today no need
to tell the children William
they mus well have trouble wuff
dat's what she said - so I'll just
put it up here till de manum

Susie Dat fool board William It say
yes when you ask it if all
our family well

William - Yes all it did say was yes & laugh
Maise Samuel dangerously ill like
as not he is dead

Priscilla Hush - Listen!

Mrs Hawthorne (reentering with her arms full of baby
clothes which she carries lovingly) Look ^{Priscilla}
~~William~~ these are his little clothes
You remember the day he was born into
this life the little lad who came in
time for his father to go and preach
You remember William how you said
when you came home from church
Maise Hawthorne he done preach a
wonderful sermon This day about
a little child shall lead them
All day I have been thinking of that
little one born so long ago - How long
ago was it?

William Nigh on fifty years Mrs Hawthorne
Mrs Hawthorne the little one he made such dainty
garments ^{Look Priscilla} for he must have been my
first boy because there did not seem
to be time for the other ones they came
so fast - - - All day I seem to

hear him calling all day I seem to feel
his chubby hands about my face and little
hot hands - All day I seem to feel a hot
restless body laid against my heart, close
against my heart, that dear little child
born so long ago - but now -
~~now he is quite all as well I~~
~~have brought the little chiding who~~
~~to keep him - all as well~~

Percella, what was that baby's name ^{And}
Mrs Hawthorne His name was Samuel
William Yes Marie Samuel was his name
Mrs Hawthorne Yes William He has been in
my arms all day. ~~we will get some~~
~~news in the morning tell them I~~
~~will just hold my baby in my arms~~
you used to sing him to sleep with
William sing ~~to him~~ ^{it} now

William goes on setting the table and hums
softly Deep River I am going to pass
over Jordan - Deep River

Mrs Hawthorne - Bring the book William (William

hear him calling, all day I seem to
feel his chubby hands about my face,
such little hot hands. All day I
seem to have a ^{little} restless body laid
against my heart pressing at my breast -
That dear little child born so long ago
This is his little christening robe

Priscilla - What was that baby's name

Mrs Hawthorne His name was - Samuel

William - Yes Ma'am Samuel was dat baby's name

Mrs Hawthorne - Yes William your little Martin has
been in my arms all day - you
remember you used to sing him to
sleep - so I will just hold my
baby in my arms till you sing
him to sleep -

William (Goes on quietly setting the table and
humming softly 'Deep River I am going
topass over Jordan Deep River -

Mrs Hawthorne - Bring the book William (William
brings it and reverently places it on the table
in front of his mother. Then he and Susie
~~both~~ sit in the chairs on either side of the window
Priscilla sits on the footstool in front of her
mother. Mrs Hawthorne reads in a lovely sweet
voice] In my Father's House are many mansions
I go to

Geo. G. Nasmith

THE MESSAGE

by

Emma Scott Nasmith

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne

Constantine Hawthorne her grandnephew

~~James Hawthorne, her nephew, Constantine's father~~

Priscilla McGirr niece and companion to

Mrs. Hawthorne

~~Julia McGirr, her daughter, Mrs. Hawthorne's niece~~

William King Family servant was sent for

by fifty paces

"Spirit with Spirit can meet,
closer are they than breathing,
nearer than hands or feet."

Alfred Tennyson.

See page 142 in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in

of the present time.

THE MESSAGE

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply furnished, for the right is a couch before the fire. Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in centre and at the left side an old-fashioned sofa against the wall.

Slight door opens into a hallway leading into kitchen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne

Constance Hawthorne her granddaughter

~~Noreen Robertson Constance's school friend~~

Priscilla McGirr Niece and companion to
Mrs. Hawthorne

~~Susie Smoots Mrs. Hawthorne's housemaid~~

William Ringo Family servant-man and boy
for fifty years

~~Jamie Buchanan A Neighbor's son~~

The scene is laid in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in *an old Ontario*
Town Canada at the present time.

THE MESSAGE

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply furnished, (on the right is a couch before the fire. Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa against the wall.

Right door opens into scullery leading into kitchen, left hand door opens into hall leading outside. Lattice windows between the doors have dainty chintz curtains, flowering bulbs fill the entire length of the window. A chair on either side of window between the doors - the colors of mauve and gray predominate)

Mrs. Hawthorne, a dainty fragile old lady over seventy enters the room. She is dressed in a quaint flowered silk, with rare old lace at her throat and wrists. She seems to be listening to someone invisible.

Mrs. Hawthorne: "Yes dear, I hear you calling. Tell your mother what is wrong! (She goes over to the window, draws the curtain aside and looks out, arranges the flowers on the window sill, waters some from a watering can on the floor near by. William puts his head in the door to right of stage and with an understanding nod withdraws.)

Priscilla: Priscilla!
(enters) "Yes Auntie."

Mrs. Hawthorne: I wish you would go down to the post office and see if there is any mail.

Priscilla: But I was there this morning Auntie!

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in.

Priscilla: Are you expecting a letter?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, I feel today I should get a message. All day someone has been calling to me.
(Again William's head appears at the scullery door and then he hums)

William: Den my little soul's gwine to shine. Den my little soul's

Priscilla: All right Auntie, I will go on down to the Post Office. The train may be late so be sure and have Susie bring in your tea if I am not back in time.

The Message - 2

→ (William's head again appears in the scullery door and a tap is heard)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Come in, William.

William: (An old negro enters - he carries in his hand a cap, evidently filled with eggs by the care exercised - putting it down on the little table in front of Mrs. Hawthorne, he carefully puts on a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, and after examining an egg closely, he says) Look, Miss Hawthorne! Dat's the old spec's egg! (Chuckling) She's got busy again - Yes, dat's her egg. Looks to me as if three more of them is earning their board and ~~keep~~ and keeping down the high cost of living. Look at them beauties! (lays eggs in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) - Yes, and I sez to myself - Miss Hawthorne will be glad to know that Daisy's got the ~~finest~~ ^{finest} little calf I ever saw, for sures you live Miss Hawthorne, when I goes into the barn this mawnin' there's ~~the~~ ^{the} finest little red heifer snuggled up close to Daisy's side: ~~and~~ ^{and} things ^{Sotnly} is lookin' un!

Susie:

(Enters with a tea tray, and after motioning to William to take his cap off the table, places the tray on the little table and elevating her eyebrows at William, speaks) William, yo better be lookin' down instead of up - see yo feet, all over dirt, ~~coming in here bethering the mistress with yo barn talk!~~ (She gathers up the eggs and ^{begins to} flounces out of the room ^{but William, exhortulating, makes her give him the eggs})
Don't be bethering the mistress with 'yo barn talk!

Mrs. Hawthorne: Ssh Susie!

William, you gave Daisy the warm stall last night?

William: →

Yes, Miss. Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: And you didn't forget the bedding?

William: →

No, Miss Hawthorne, I left her snug as a bug last night and she is very comfortable now.

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you remember that Miss Constance comes home tonight for her holidays - She is bringing one of her school friends from the city - Take the double cutter and the big bear's robe when you go to the Depot to meet them. *her*

William: →

Ise got them all ready, Miss Hawthorne. Ise going to give them a good drive around by the old mill - You know that was always a favorite

The Message - 3

to show
~~ride of my little Missy's, and she will like~~
~~to show her friend from the city the ice,~~
piled up at the dam. McCutcheon's nigger
says it is piled up twenty-five feet high,
but I ~~know~~ *know* it, ~~is~~ about ten ~~feet~~. Yes, I'll
show her de town. (William goes out humming -)
Den my little soul's gwine to shine . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Sits silent for awhile, then ^{*speaks*} ~~we hear her say~~)
Yes darling, I hear you; calling to me all the
long day! What is wrong dear? Tell your Mother -
she is listening. (Pours out her tea and sips
it, apparently listening to voices we cannot
hear).

William: → (Enters with an armful of wood, and carefully
puts it stick by stick in the wood box). Did
Miss Priscilla go out, Miss Hawthorne?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I sent her to the Post Office
to see if there was any mail.

William: → I was there ^{*myself*} this mawnin', Miss Hawthorne. Is
yo worried about anything?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I have been looking for news all
day. I seem to hear Someone calling me!

William:

→ Well now, dat's strange, Miss Hawthorne, but I seems to feel like dat myself. ~~I does too~~, but I specs it is cause we is excited over Miss Constance coming home. Yo know I have been powerful lonely for dat little lady since she went away to school. I spose its cause I helped to raise her; ~~the~~ po little thing, she was such a little pickaninny when her maw Miss Henrietta died - I often think . . .

Susie:

Pencil

(Enters) *apprehensively with a telegram which she hides in her muff*
~~on, with your work instead of thinking - what right have you to think, when the train's whistling out at Porter's Corners, and such wood to bring in, when Miss Conny's coming home too!~~

William:

→ I suttingly am ashamed of this wood. If ~~dat~~ ^{round here} white nigger Johnson comes fooling with our woodpile, I'll break every bone in ~~his~~ ^{his} body.

Susie:

(Teasingly). What's dat you say about Mr. Johnsing? Yo is going to be late for dat train! I heard it whistle at the cross-roads a minute ago! You just let Mr. Johnsing alone. I'll attend to Mr. Johnsing.

(William goes out)

The Message - 4

Mrs. Hawthorne: Hush, Susie!
Do not worry about the wood, William.
Susie, go and open the door for Miss
Priscilla and see if she has any mail.
(William goes out of scullery door.)

Priscilla
Priscilla: (Comes in apprehensively - she has a telegram
in her hand which she hides in her muff, as
Mrs. Hawthorne turns around). Well, Auntie,
are you all right?

slight bells

Mrs. Hawthorne: Did you get any mail at the Post Office,
Priscilla?

Priscilla: No, Auntie.

Mrs. Hawthorne: That's strange. I have been thinking all
day that we would get some news from the
North. All day I seem to be getting messages
from there.

Priscilla: I met Mrs. Buchanan at the Post Office and
she sent her love to you, Aunt Elizabeth, and
told me she would like you and Constance and
her friend to go over there for supper. You
remember you promised Jamie that he could take
the girls tobogganing after they had a cup of
tea. — Oh, granny dear, that they are not out

Constance
1416

Mrs. Hawthorne: Oh, yes, so I did! That would be very nice. ~~They~~ could go ~~home~~ with Jamie. I wonder if these children have brought warm clothes to go tobogganing. Priscilla, you had better go upstairs and look in the big chest in the closet off Constance's room. There you will find sweaters, mittens, moccasins and stockings. (Priscilla rises to go.) Wait till you have a cup of tea (rings bell; Susie comes in) Susie, make a fresh pot of tea. Your young mistress and her friend from Toronto will be along in a few moments. Have your corn muffins ready to pop into the oven when you hear the bells. We will not open the big dining-room tonight - the children are invited out to supper, so spread our supper here as usual. Priscilla, will you please get my slippers when you are upstairs? (Pantomime of Mrs. Hawthorne listening by the fire).

slight bells

Constance: (The door is quietly pushed open ^(Hansen enters also) and Constance comes in on tiptoe and covers her grandmother's eyes with her hands.) Grandmother, darling, here I am home at last! (Throwing her arms around her grandmother she hugs and kisses her

that is the prevailing epidemic in the city
just now.
Hello, cousin Priscilla. Miss Priscilla
Hello, cousin Priscilla.
The Message - 5

(Priscilla goes to get tea)
repeatedly).

(Enter Noreen.)

Constance: Oh, excuse me Grandmother, may I introduce
my friend Noreen Robertson? Noreen, this is
my Grandmother. Now did you ever see any-
thing sweeter than my granny?

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Greets Noreen with old fashioned curtsy).
You are very welcome dear. I hope you will
enjoy yourself in our old fashioned home.
Constance's friends are all waiting to give
you a good time, and you will have a good
time if you enjoy winter sports.

Noreen: Thank you, Mrs. Hawthorne, I am so glad to
come and see you.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, come here, take off your hat.
Where are your braids?

Constance: Oh, they are still there Grandmother - just
covered over with fluff. Because of dear you
they are still safely bound around my head.
Pretty good camouflage, granny, is it not?
(as her grandmother unwinds the braids) Be
thankful, granny dear, that they are not cut

that is the prevailing epidemic in the city just now.

Hello, Cousin Priscilla. ~~Miss Priscilla McGirr, Miss Noreen Robertson.~~

(Priscilla goes *to get tea*)

→ (William enters, piled high with bundles he is making his way upstairs, when Constance stops him). *supper Club L. p. 100*

Constance:

William, put down those bundles and come here! Grandmother, you never saw anyone so dignified as William down at the station! Why, he hardly looked at me! Come here, William, ~~and be properly introduced.~~
~~Noreen, this is William, and he's the best old soul. He helped to raise me - didn't he, Grandmother? He carried me or my bundles around all his life! Just like he is doing now.~~

William:

→ (Grinning) ~~No! Not all my life, Miss Constance, but all ye life! (Then, with a profound bow to Noreen):~~ How do you do, Miss *Cora* ^{Dear} glad to see ye ^{William}
~~make ye acquaintance. Ye is mighty welcome. Ise sure you ~~is~~ ^{must be} a lady or you wouldn't be here!~~

Miss Hawthorne has been awful lonely for you and I expect I have myself

The Message - 6

Constance:

Hush, William - Dick Green home! - Splendid old Dick! - Uncle Eddie told me there was no holding him in the pen when the war broke out.

Susie: ~~(Enters with tray for tea). How de do, Miss Conny.~~

Constance: ~~(Curtseys). Here's Susie! What you got inside that muffin dish, Susie? I bet a million dollars they're corn muffins and potato cakes!~~

Susie: Yo wins yo bet, Miss Conny, they is, and yo better get to eating them - they is turning cold from neglect. All they needs is your sweet lips a-tastin' them to make them grow hot again.

Pussilla →

William (who is trying to get a chance to speak). You go and attend to yo own business - you better put yo horse away.

William:

(Ignoring ~~Susie~~). Miss Constance, I got a very particular message to deliver to yo.

Constance:

Yes, William?

William:

→ Has yo got time to listen?

Constance:

Yes, William.

William:

Dick Green is home from de war. You remember he was Mass Paul Pomeroy's batman away over dere in France. He's home now and he's brought a message for you from France (going close to Constance) and he's brought a present for you.

Constance:

Hush, William - Dick Green home? - Splendid old Dick! - Uncle Eddie told me there was no holding him in the pen when the war broke out, and when he heard the Cavalry Brigade was going, he became positively unmanageable.

William:

(growing excited)

Yes dat's so!

Dick says

Let me out of here - I got as good a right to serve my Country as anyone! Let me out of here - Who's to take care of Marse Paul's horse, Dick he says I'll come back after de war is over, if I'm alive, and go back to de pen, if you want me to, but I want to have dis chance to prove dat my Soul is white, even if my body is black! Dat's true, Miss Constance, dat's true, and dey did let him out all right and away he went to de war with de first contingent.

Constance:

Do you hear, Noreen? That old nigger, excuse me William, went off to the war, one of the first to go and one of the last to return. Listen, Noreen, that's not the end of it! He has brought his master's horse home and they

Prissilla

In the Pen. Do you mean the penitentiary Constance? 1415

The Message - 7

both have decorations! Hooray! That's one of the war records we are proud of in this old town, and we have two V.C.s besides!

~~Noreen:~~

Out of the Penn! Do you mean the penitentiary, Constance? Is that what you said?

Constance:

Yes, that is what I said, and ~~that is what I mean.~~ He got in there by mistake, instead of the other fellow, Uncle Eddie said, and ~~Uncle Eddie knows!~~ (William escapes through hall door. *laughed with laughter.*)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, darling, don't get so excited.

Constance:

~~Efto~~ Grandmother, ^{but} just let me tell ~~Noreen~~ ^{Cousin Priscilla} one thing more about Dick. We have known Dick all our life, haven't we, Grandmother?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, dear.

Constance:

Well, you know ~~Noreen~~ ^{Priscilla}, when I was a wee little girl, we used to go up the Lakes every year, on the "Nancy Jane" - Well, Dick was head cook on that boat, and one day . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: Never mind that now Constance. Have another cup of tea. ~~Noreen.~~

~~Noreen:~~

No, thank you Mrs. Hawthorne, it is delicious.

Constance:

Enter

(Susie enters with hot water). Come and tell our fortune, and Grandmother won't strain the tea this time. (Constance goes over to William, who comes in with some more bundles) Back from the war with news from Paul. What did you say about a present, William? (And she directs him to place bundles on sofa at the left.)

Susie, please tell Noreen's fortune first. She is so temperamental she cannot wait.

Susie:

(Studying Noreen's cup). I see here a very fair person with a golden head, and something very heavy hanging over it.

Constance:

Susie, you are a witch - that's the Prince with the golden head. The Prince of Wales - and that's the crown of England he's threatened with. I believe it is hanging heavy, heavy over his golden head. We all fell in love with him in Toronto. He danced and danced with Noreen, and ever since her temperature has either been sub-normal or over 100. I tell you it is

The Message - 8

pretty hard on all her friends. I have brought her up here to be cured of the Prince.

Noreen:

(In a dreamy far away tone). I don't want to be cured. He is just a dear boy. He told me he wished he was a cow-boy. He wants to have fun like other boys and he's got to be a King! I'd like to know who would want to be a King these days. They are all getting their heads knocked off.

What else do you see, Susie?

Priscilla
Susie:

(looking at the cup)

I see ^{her} a long hill to climb - ~~a long, long hill!~~ Let me look at you^h hand, ~~honey~~ - Here's love, here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but ~~my!~~ You ~~are~~ fond of luxury, and an easy time, ~~but~~ she ~~as ye lib~~ Miss ye has a long, long hill to climb.

Constance:

Priscilla
Nonsense, ~~Susie!~~ You will scare ^{me} her to death! That long, long hill is the toboggan slide. I hear (whistle outside) Jamie's call this minute (and she answers the yodle-like summons from without by an answer from within.) William, open the door for Jamie Buchanan. This is the boy I told you about, Noreen - He's the closest boy in Grey County. (Jamie is

William
Alfred
intend

14.18

William: *William: Miss Constance, I've been
looking at a lot of things lately and I'd like to
be a little on this spirit business, like*

Mr. Hawthorne - The Message - 9
*How you must be off to the slide: Jamie will be here in a minute
with the horse and you must be ready for him*

William: ~~depending on you for help.~~ Today I am not
very good company for young people *to-day*
*(The girls are by this time trying on caps
and sweaters. Priscilla McGirr comes in from
the Hall with an armful of practical-looking winter
woollens. In the struggle to release the a cloth
shawl-strap, a ouija board slips out and rolls
with a clatter on the floor.)*

William: → Fo de Lawd's sake, what's dat, Miss Constance?

~~Noreen:~~
Constance Oh, William! That's a Ouija Board, and
William, it tells you all about the living and
brings you messages from the dead!

William: → (Scared to death). I've seed the picture of
one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back
messages from de daid? I tell you there is a
heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but
I'd rather hear from the living than the daid
today. Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge,
and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angels at Montreal
and the Three Horsemen and the Chair Invisible -

Constance: Put it away, *Priscilla* ~~Noreen~~. I am sure Grandmother
would not like William or ~~Susie~~ to try it.

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William: → Ask her if I can, Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress.

Constance
Nereen: ~~Does~~ ^{doesn't} she believe in this?

William: → No, ~~ah~~ ^{away} expect she's past this. ~~Al~~ ^{Al} heard her say ~~once~~ that Spirit with Spirit can meet. ~~Al~~ ^{Al} don't know exactly what she means by dat, but she does, or else she wouldn't say it. ~~Al~~ ^{Al} think she gets messages some other way, but ~~Al~~ ^{Al} never heard her say Spirits talked to her - she ^{surely} gets messages from the living ^{though} and she says that when we need help from the other world that Love will find a way - Oh no! Miss Hawthorne ~~does~~ ^{isn't} not believe in the things folks is ~~talking~~ ^{about} nowadays! ~~See~~ Look at her now! ~~Al~~ ^{Al} spees she is telling Jamie ~~she~~ ^{about} about Our bran new calf. ~~an~~ ^{such things interest her more in} the things she sees in the papers.

Constance: William, have we got a calf? You didn't tell me about that.

William: → Oh, what a stoopid ah am, that was to be a surprise when you went hunting for fresh eggs in the mawnin', but ~~ah~~ ^{ah} was so excited over this board ~~Al~~ ^{Al} went and blabbed it out.

de wee gee board, Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but ^{den} he's a liar, for he says: "We won de war!" When he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him!

~~Constance~~
~~Constance~~

^{here}
~~Sit down~~, William, and place your hands here. ^{and go} ahead. ~~We will ask~~ Ouija ^{will tell you} who won the war.

William: →

No, Miss ~~Nelson~~, I would like to speak to Marse Hawthorne first.

~~Constance~~
~~Constance~~

All right, ^{see if} ~~William~~, ask for Mr. Hawthorne. ^{will speak to you}

William: →

Marse Hawthorne, is yo dere?

~~Constance~~
~~Constance~~

Yes - it - says - yes!

William: →

Is-yo-sho-yo - is dere, Marse Hawthorne?

~~Constance~~
~~Constance~~

Yes - it - says - Yes!

Susie:

(Who has been watching the proceedings in unfeigned terror.)

Fo de Lawd's sake! Look how his hands are trembling! Is yo sho Miss ~~Nelson~~ dat Marse Hawthorne am dere? How do you feel William? Is yo scared? (Looking under table).

M. 21

The Message - 11

~~Noreen:~~ ~~Yes - it - says - yes.~~

William: → Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?

~~Constance~~ Yes - it - says - yes.

William: → Yes - it - says - Yes. Ise glad to hear dat, cause all day Miss Hawthorne, she's getting messages and Ise kind of feeling myself that something was wrong - Fo de Lawd's sake! I feel mighty queer! Yes, I guess I ~~is~~ scared. Don't you come too near us, Susie; you couldn't stand it!

~~Constance~~ Is there anyone else you would like to speak to William?

William: → Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's niggah tole me dat dey won de war - he comes from New York - Ise been bothered like. I would like to ask Marse Abraham Lincoln who won de war. He would tell de trufe.

~~Constance~~ All right, William, ask to speak to Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

William: → I like to do dat. Marse Lincoln, I like to speak to yo Sir, if yo please.

~~Constance~~ That's right, William.

William: → Is yo dere Marse Lincoln?

~~Constance~~ Yes - it - says - Yes!

William: → Marse Lincoln, who won de war?

~~Jamie:~~ (~~Comes hurriedly to table and exclaims~~)
~~Oh, let me try.~~

~~Constance~~ ~~No, I will not let you try. This is not for you.~~

~~Parvella (entering)~~ ~~It won't hurt me, Miss Robertson. That Ouija Board is just pure imposition - when I read Sir Oliver Lodge's speech, I felt like throwing up my cap and shouting. He said he rather discouraged Ouija Boards~~ ~~but~~ ~~Ouija Boards with automatic writers may be alright, but most~~ ~~but~~ ~~of the results, he thought,~~ were from the subconscious mind, and people were rather too prone to believe what they got from that source. Why would anyone bother with these or any speeches the so-called Spirits have given to

1423

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Entering - in a quiet voice)
So are the dead!

William: (Jumping) The Message - 12 To God's sake, who
said den ~~you~~ ~~do~~ ~~yo~~ Miss Hawthorne? Did
you speak?

Mrs. Hawthorne: the World? Nothing they have ^{ever} said has been worth
a row of pins to humanity - ~~So bosh, say I!~~

Noreen: ~~Have you ever tried the Ouija?~~

Jamie: ~~No, I never had the chance.~~

Noreen: ~~You have it now.~~

Jamie: ~~Now I don't want it. . .~~

Susie: ~~I know who I want to speak to when I get the chance.~~

~~Noreen~~ ^{Constance} (Apprehensively watching William). ~~Who~~ ^{Who, suppose we had better}

~~Susie~~ (Bursting out crying). ~~The Mistress knows. . .~~ ^{stop William.}

William: ~~(Now growing more and more excited - his hands~~
~~wandering all over the Ouija Board - calls in a~~
loud voice)- Marse Lincoln is yo still dere? Oh!
Marse Lincoln what ~~do~~ yo - say - Who - won - de -
War? What's dat I am spelling out?

~~Noreen~~ ^{Constance} (Spelling slowly). We - W-O-N - T-H-E- - W-A-R.

14.24

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Entering - in a quiet voice)
We are the dead!

William: → (Jumping up from the table): Fo God's sake, who said dem words? Was dat yo Miss Hawthorne? Did you speak?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I spoke. "We are the dead", - Yes, they are the only winners of the war - They, only, died that we might live - and they have won. Put the board away ~~Jamie~~.

~~Concén~~ ~~Don't touch this board.~~ I'll put it away!

William: → (Trembling with excitement). Oh, Miss Hawthorne, Miss Hawthorne, Ise so excited over dat board. Please don't put it away.

Mrs. Hawthorne: There is no need to be excited, William. That bit of wood in your hands does just what you want it to do!

William: → Oh Miss Hawthorne. If we ^{only} could get some message from our friends over ~~the~~ river?

The Message - 13

(to Constance)

Mrs. Hawthorne: I believe we can, ~~William~~. I believe that Spirit with Spirit can meet, and if we are spiritual we may receive these Spirit messages, but whether they use our language or not I am still in doubt. I never can believe that they will come in that way - No, they will - never - come - that way. But this I know, you can hear from the living even though you are separated by land and sea.

William: *→* ~~Yes~~, I knows ~~that~~ too. I remember ~~the~~ the night you ~~had~~ young Master Albert calling to you.
exit

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, go along. I hear that little calf a-calling you. ~~Now, Constance, off to your slide.~~ *What was that about (William goes out)*

Constance: *Uncle Arthur* But Grandmother, ~~tell her~~ *I would like to hear* about that, ~~please do~~.

~~Jamie:~~ I've always wanted to know about that, too.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Sit down *for a minute* children, and I will tell you, ~~for all~~ day I have been hearing some one call to me!
Mrs Hawthorne A long time ago, when I was a young woman, I

14.20

went away to Colorado. I had not been away very long when my young brother, a great tall boy of sixteen, followed me into that far country.

"I cannot live without you, Sis," he said, "and I ran away to find you." What to do with the boy was the question.

That night Mr. Kester, a sheep rancher, was going back to his ranch and with him went my brother to herd sheep, and live in the open, - for he needed that.

Two weeks after I was awakened by a cry, and springing from my bed, I called out: "Yes, dear. I am here. What do you want?"

"Help," he said.

On that very night, and at that very minute, my brother was in danger of being swept over the Alkali Cliffs! The wind began to blow, and the sheep invariably moved before the wind, began to travel fast towards the cliff - My brother on the burro's back was being swept before them. "I thought of you," said he, "and immediately I heard the words: 'Send the dog over their backs, tell him to kill the Bell Wether.' I did, and the sheep turned to follow the movements of the dog, and we were saved!"

Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne, that is a fine illustration of telepathy. ~~Wasn't that great!~~

it Auntie?
Mrs Hawthorne - I suppose so: but to-day I have also been getting ^{indefinite} messages and I am wondering what they foretell.

The Message - 14

Constance

What do you mean by telepathy?

Raisella

Getting messages from the living.

Constance

But you can get messages from the dead too. I have heard of many cases.

Raisella

I have never heard of one that could not be explained by telepathy or mind-reading.

Constance

But I have. Sir Oliver Lodge believes in it, so does Conan Doyle and many others.

Raisella

I know they do. I've read a good deal of their stuff, but it does not amount to anything. What do you think, ~~Mrs. Hawthorne~~; do you believe we can get messages from the dead?

Mrs. Hawthorne:

I don't know, it doesn't seem as if it would be impossible if our ears were keen enough to hear. I often think about it, but I cannot recall ever having received a definite message from the dead - yet there are indefinite impressions, ~~william~~ feelings that come to me sometimes that

14.28

strange feelings that come to me sometimes that I have been in touch with those who have gone before. Beyond that I cannot say.

Priscilla
(triumphantly)

Constance
There you are, ~~Miss Noreen~~. If anybody could get messages from the dead, ~~Mrs. Hawthorne~~ could. ~~Won't you tell us some more?~~

Mrs. Hawthorne: ~~Not today. I must be listening, for today~~
there is another call. 'Tis time for your slide, *Connie*
so off you go! *I hear the bells on Jamie's horse*

Constance
No ~~Constance~~ Thank you, Mrs. Hawthorne. *Grandmother*

Mrs. Hawthorne: *Constance* ~~Jamie~~ *go on* do not trust to the old slide; the sides are rotting - ~~take care of the girls; and may you can~~
~~you all have a jolly time on the log hill.~~

Constance: ~~Say Good-night to~~ *Dear* Grandmother ~~now~~ - you will be asleep won't you, ~~dear~~, when *we come* home. Good night, dear. (and she kisses ~~her~~ *the* girls and then ~~Jamie~~). I will go to the door with you.
(Exit Mrs. Hawthorne.)

Mrs Hawthorne

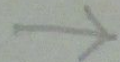
~~Constance: Ah, there's Jamie at his old tricks.~~

Priscilla: (Enters with Mrs. Hawthorne's slippers from hall door - ~~Susie from kitchen door with cloth which she lays for supper.~~
Enter William follows with tray with blue dishes. Priscilla lays slippers by the fire, then comes to the table and opens telegram, and hands it to William.

The Message - 15

William carefully puts on spectacles and reads in a trembling voice:)

William:



'Samuel very ill - no hope!'

Marse Samuel very ill; no hope! Now isn't that just what I asked that board? 'Is all our fambly well?' Dat fool ~~thing~~ ^{it} say 'yes'. Dats all it did say. ~~That board's a liar; it will go where all liars go. It will make~~ ^{only} good ^{for} kindling wood!

~~Susie:~~

~~Oh dear, dear, who is going to tell the Mistress?~~ ^{will Auntie I am afraid it will kill her}

William:



Nobody - she ~~done~~ knows.

Lordy, how she do get the news befo anybody else, no need to sho her this, ~~she knows~~ ^{only} Dis mawnin' she said to me: "If we get ~~any~~ ^{dis} bad news from the North today, no need to tell the children, ~~William, they will~~ ^{even} have trouble enuff." Dat's what she said, so I'll just put it up here till de mawnin'.

Dat fool boe rd. William - it sav "Yes" when

14.30

Susie:

~~Don't you ast it if all our fambly well!~~

William:

→ ~~Sure, all it did sayd was~~ "Yes" to everything.
Marse Samuel dangerously ill, like as not he
is daid. *by now.*

Priscilla:

Hush! Listen!

Mrs. Hawthorne:

(Enters with her arms full of baby clothes,
which she carries lovingly)
Look, Priscilla! These are his little clothes.
You remember the day he was born into this life,
the little lad who came in time for his father
to go and preach. You remember, William, what
you said when you came home from church?

William:

→ ~~Sho~~ ^{by} I said: "Marse Hawthorne he done preach a
wonderful ^{powerful} sermon ~~this~~ day, about a little child
shall lead dem."

Mrs. Hawthorne:

All day I have been thinking of that little one
born so long ago - How long ^{ja} is it *William?*

William:

→ Nigh on fifty years, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne:

The little one we made such dainty garments for.
Look, Priscilla - he must have been my first-born,
because there did not seem to be time to do such
things for the other ones, they came so fast . . .
All day I seem to hear him calling; all day I
seem to feel his chubby hands about my face, such

The Message - 16

little hot hands. All day I seem to have a restless little baby laid against my heart, tugging at my breast - that dear little child, born so long ago. This is his Christening robe, ~~Priscilla~~.

Priscilla: What was that baby's name?

Mrs. Hawthorne: His - name - was - Samuel.

William: → ~~Yes~~, Marse Samuel was dat baby's name.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, ~~William~~, ~~that~~ little ~~baby~~ has been in my arms all day - ~~you remember you used to sing him to sleep~~ - I will just hold ~~my~~ baby in my arms ~~till you~~ sing him to sleep.

William: → (Goes on quietly setting the table and humming softly): Deep River, I am going to pass over Jordan, Deep River . . .

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Mrs. Hawthorne:

~~Bring the book, William.~~ (William brings ^{the book}
and reverently places it on the table in front
of his mistress, then he ~~and Susie~~ sits in the
chairs ~~on~~ ^{at} either side of the window. Priscilla
sits on the footstool in front of her mistress,
while Mrs. Hawthorne reads in a lovely quiet
voice): In my Father's House are Many Mansions.
~~I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am,~~
~~there you may be also.~~

(The room has grown darker, until only Mrs.
Hawthorne's face is seen, then all is flooded
with a golden light. Mrs. Hawthorne stretches
out her arms and her face shines as if trans-
figured . She gets the message that her child
has passed over the River.)

Slow Curtain.

The End.

THE MESSAGE

by

EMMA SCOTT NASMITH

it can meet,
closer are they than brethren,
nearer than hands or feet."

Alfred Tennyson.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne
Gertrude Hawthorne her granddaughter
Priscilla McGill niece and companion
to Mrs. Hawthorne
William Kings family servant-man and
boy for fifty years

The scene is laid in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in an old
Ontario town at the present time.

"Spirit with Spirit can meet,
closer are they than breathing,
nearer than hands or feet."

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's . . . Alfred Tennyson.
It is simply
furnished, (on the right is a couch before the fire.
Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in
centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa
against the wall.)

Right door opens into scullery leading into kitchen.
Left door opens into hall leading outside. Lattice
windows between the doors have shiny patterned curtains.
Flowering bells fill the entire length of the window.
A chair on either side of window between the doors -
(the colour of woods and grass predominate.)

Mrs. Hawthorne, a delicate fragile old lady over seventy
enters the room. She is dressed in a quaint flowered
silk, with rare old lace at her throat and wrists.
She seems to be listening to someone invisible.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes dear, I hear you calling. Tell your mother what
is wrong! (She goes over to the window, draws the
curtain aside and looks out, arranges the flowers on
the window sill, where come from a watering can on
the floor near by. William puts his head in the door
to right of stage and with an understanding nod
withdraws.)
Priscilla, Priscilla!

Priscilla: (enters) Yes Auntie.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance Hawthorne... her granddaughter

Priscilla McGirr... niece and companion to Mrs. Hawthorne

Priscilla: William Ringo... family servant-man and boy for fifty years

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in.

The scene is laid in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in an old

Priscilla: Ontario town at the present time.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, I feel today I should get a message. All day long someone has been calling to me. (Again William's head appears at the scullery door and then he hums.)

William: See my little THE MESSAGE is to chide. See my little soul's...

Priscilla: All right, Auntie. I will go on down to the Post Office. The train may be late so be sure and have Uncle bring in your tea if I am not back in time.

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply furnished, (on the right is a couch before the fire. Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa against the wall.

William: Right door opens into scullery leading into kitchen, left hand door opens into hall leading outside. Lattice windows between the doors have dainty chintz curtains, flowering bulbs fill the entire length of the window. A chair on either side of window between the doors - the colors of mauve and gray predominate.)

Mrs. Hawthorne, a dainty fragile old lady over seventy enters the room. She is dressed in a quaint flowered silk, with rare old lace at her throat and wrists. She seems to be listening to someone invisible.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes dear, I hear you calling. Tell your mother what is wrong! (She goes over to the window, draws the curtain aside and looks out, arranges the flowers on the window sill, waters some from a watering can on the floor near by. William puts his head in the door to right of stage and with an understanding nod withdraws.)

Priscilla, Priscilla!

Priscilla: (enters) Yes Auntie.

Mrs. Hawthorne: I wish you would go down to the post office and see if there is any mail.

Priscilla: But I was there this morning Auntie!

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in.

Priscilla: Are you expecting a letter?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, I feel today I should get a message. All day long someone has been calling to me. (Again William's head appears at the scullery door and then he hums:)

William: Den my little soul's gwine to shine. Den my little soul's

Priscilla: All right, Auntie. I will go on down to the Post Office. The train may be late so be sure and have Susie bring in your tea if I am not back in time.

(William's head again appears in the scullery door and a tap is heard)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Come in, William.

William: (An old negro enters - he carries in his hand a can, evidently filled with eggs by the care exercised - putting it down on the little table in front of Mrs. Hawthorne, he carefully puts on a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, and after examining an egg closely, he says) Look, Miss Hawthorne! Dat's the old spec's egg! (Chuckling) She's got busy again - Yes, dat's her egg. Looks to me as if three more of them is earning their board and keeping down the high cost of living. Look at them beauties! (lays eggs in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) - Yes, and I sez to myself - Miss Hawthorne will be glad to know that Daisy's got the dandiest little calf I ever saw, for sure's you live Miss Hawthorne, when I goes into the barn this mawnin' there's a fine little red heifer snuggled up close to Daisy's side; thing's sutnly is lookin' up!

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you gave Daisy the warm stall last night?

William: Yes, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: And you didn't forget the bedding?

William: No, Miss Hawthorne, I left her snug as a bug last night and she is very comfortable now.

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you remember that Miss Constance comes home tonight for her holidays - Take the double cutter and the big bear's robe when you go to the Depot to meet her.

William: Ise got them all ready, Miss Hawthorne. Ise going to drive around by the old mill to show Missy the ice piled up at the dam. McCutcheon's niggeh says it is piled up twenty-five feet high, but I expect it's about ten. Yesm I'll shew her de town. (William goes out humming -) Denmy little soul's gwine to shine . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Sits silent for awhile, then speaks) Yes darling, I hear you; calling to me all the long day! What is wrong, dear? Tell your Mother, she is listening. (She is apparently listening to voices we cannot hear).

William: (Enters with an armful of wood, and carefully puts it stick by stick in the wood box.) Did Miss Priscilla go out, Miss Hawthorne?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I sent her to the Post Office to see if there was any mail.

William: I was there myself this mawnin', Miss Hawthorne. Is yo worried about anything?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I have been looking for news all day. I seem to hear Someone calling me!

William: Well now, dat's strange, Miss Hawthorne, but I seems to feel like dat myself, but I specs it is cause we is excited over Miss Constance coming home. Yo know I have been powerful lonely for dat little lady since she went away to school. I spose its cause I helped to raise her; po little thing, she was such a little picjaninny when her maw Miss Henrietta died. I often think of her.

Priscilla: (Enters) apprehensively with a telegram which she hides in her muff) William, you had better be getting on; the train's whistling out at Porter's Corners; such wood to bring in when Miss Conny's coming home too!

- William: I suttigly am ashamed of this wood. If dat white nigger Johnsing comes round here foolin' with out woodpile, I'll break every bone in his body.
- Mrs. Hawthorne: Hush. Do not worry about the wood, William.
(William goes out of scullery door.)
Did you get any mail at the Post Office, Priscilla?
- Priscilla: No. Auntie.
- Mrs. Hawthorne: That's strange. I have been thinking all day that we would get some news from the North. All day I seem to be getting messages from there.
- Priscilla: I met Mrs. Buchanan at the Post Office and she sent het love to you, Aunt Elizabeth, and told me she would like you and Constance to go over there for supper. You remember you promised Jamie that he could take Conny tobogganing after she had a cup of tea.
- Mrs. Hawthorne: Oh, yes, so I did! That would be very nice. She could go with Jamie. Priscilla, will you please get my slippers when you are upstairs? (Priscilla goes out. Pantomime of Mrs. Hawthorne listening by the fire.) (Sleigh bells)
- Constance: (The door is quietly pushed open and Constance comes in on tiptoe and covers her grandmother's eyes with her hands.) Grandmother, darling, here I am home at last! (Throwing her arms around her grandmother she hugs and kisses her repeatedly.)
- Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, come here, take off your hat. Where are your braids?
- Constance: Oh, they are still there, Grandmother - just covered over with fluff. Because of dear you they are still safely bound around my head. Pretty good camouflage, granny, is it not? (as her grandmother unwinds the braids) Be thankful, granny dear, that they are not cut. That is the prevailing epidemic in the city just now. Hello, Cousin Priscilla.
- (Priscilla goes to get tea.)
- (William enters, piled high with bundles he is making his way upstairs, when Constance stops him.)
- Constance: William, put down those bundles and come here! Grandmother, you never saw anyone so dignified as William down at the station! Why, he hardly looked at me! Come here, Willia,

William: (Grinning) How do you do, Miss Conny. Ise glad to see yo home. Miss Hawthorne has been powerful lonely fo you, an I expects I have myself.

Priscilla: William, you had better put your horse away.

William: (Ignoring her) Miss Constance, I got a very particular message to deliver to yo.

Constance: Wes, William?

William: Haws yo got time to listen?

Constance? Yes, William.

William: thorne: Dick Green is home from de war. You remember he was Mass Paul Pomeroy's batman away over dere in France. He's home now and he's brought a message for you from France (going close to Constance) and he's brought a present for you.

Constance: Hush, William - Dick Green home? Splendid old Dick! Uncle Eddie told me there was no holding him in the pen when the war broke out.

Priscilla: In the pen? Do you mean the penitentiary, Constance?

Constance: Yes, that is what I said. He got in there by mistake, instead of the other fellow, Uncle Eddie said. (William escapes through hall door convulsed with laughter.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, darling, don't get so excited.

Constance: Grandmother, but just let me tell Cousin Priscilla one thing more about Dick. We have known Dick all our life, haven't we, Grandmother?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, dear.

Constance: Well, you know Priscilla, when I was a wee little girl, we used to go up the Lakes every year on the "Nancy Jane" - Well, Dick was head cook on that boat, and one day . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: Never mind that now Constance. Have a cup of tea.

Constance: (Priscilla enters with hot water) Priscilla, please come and tell my fortune.

Priscilla: I see here a long hill to climb and . . . Let me look at your hand. Here's love, here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but you are very fond of luxury and an easy time.

Constance: Nonsense, Priscilla! You will scare me to death. That long hill is the toboggan slide.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, you must be off to the slide; Jamie will be here in a minute with the horse, and you must be ready for him. I am not very good company for young people today.

(Constance is by this time trying on cap and sweater. Priscilla McGirr comes in from the Hall with an armful of winter clothes. In releasing a shawl-strap a ouija board slips out and rolls with a clatter on the floor.)

William: Fo de Lawd's sake, what's dat, Miss Constance?

Constance: That's a Ouija Board, William, and it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead!

William: (Scared to death). I've seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from de daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but I'd rather hear from the living than the daid today. Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angels at Montreal and the Three Horsemen and the Choir Invisible -

Constance: Put it away, Priscilla. I am sure Grandmother would not like William to try it.

William: Ast her if I can, Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress.

Constance: She doesn't believe in this.

William: No, Ah expec she's away past this. Ah heard her say once dat Spirit with Spirit can meet. Ah don know exactly what she means by dat, but she does, or else she wouldn't say it. Ah never heard her say Spirits talked to her - she sutinly gets messages from the livin' though and she says that when we need help from the other world that Love will find a way. Oh, no! Miss Hawthorne is not interested in the things folks is talking about nowadays! Our bran new calf an' such things interests her more'n the things she sees in the papers.

Constance: William, have we got a calf? You didn't tell me about that.

- William: Oh, what a stoopid Ah am, that was to be a surprise when you went huntin' for fresh eggs in the mawnin', but Ah was so excited over this board Ah went and blabbed it out.
- Constance: (Goes over to her grandmother).
Grandmother, William tells me we have a brand new calf. You must show it to me tomorrow. (Petting her.) You won't mind me showing William how to work the Ouija Board until Jamie calls? It is such fun, Grandmother dear.
- Mrs. Hawthorne: No, Constance, if you only have fun with it; but look at William's face now! (William stands over the Ouija Board in terrified contemplation). He is such a child, with the imagination of a child, and the superstition of his race as well. (Mrs. Hawthorne and Priscilla go out.)
- Constance: Sit down William, and place your hands here. No w go ahead - who would you like to speak to?
- William: Ise been bothered all day and so is Miss Hawthorne. I'd like to speak to Marse Hawthorne and ast him if all dis fambly am well, but since I heard dat niggah of McCutcheons talk about de wee jee board, Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but den he's a liar, for he says : "We won de war!" When he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him!
- Constance: Now, William, place your hands here and go ahead. Perhaps Ouija will tell you who won the war.
- William: No, Miss, I would like to speak to Marse Hawthorne.
- Constance: All right. See if Mr. Hawthorne will speak to you.
- William: Marse Hawthorne, is yo dere?
- Constance: Yes - it says - yes!
- William: Is - yo - sho - yo - is dere, Marse Hawthorne ?
- Constance: Yes - it - says - Yes!
- William: Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?
- Constance: Yes - it - says - yes.
- William: Yes - it - says - Yes. Ise glad to hear dat, cause all day Miss Hawthorne, she's getting messages and Ise kind of feelin' myself, that something was wrong -

- Mrs. Hawthorne: Fo de Lawd's sake! I feel mighty queer! Yes, I guess I is scared. ~~What~~
- Constance: Is there anyone else you would like to speak to William?
- William: Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's niggah tole me dat dey won de war - he comes from New Yohk - Ise been bothered like. I would like to ask Marse Abraham Lincoln who won de war. He would tell de trufe.
- Constance: Alright, William, ask to speak t o Mr. Abraham Lincoln.
- William: I like to do dat. Marse Lincoln, I like to speak to yo Sir, if yo please.
- Constance: That's right, William.
- William: Is yo dere, Marse Lincoln?
- Constance: Yes - it - says - Yes!
- William: Marse Lincoln, who won de war?
- Priscilla: (Entering) That Ouija Board is just pure imposition - when I read Sir Oliver Lodge's speech I felt like shouting. He said the Ouija Boards with automatic writers may be alright, but most of the results were from the sybconscious mind, and people were too prone to believe what they got from that source. Why would anyone bother with these or any speeches the so-called Spirits have given to the world? Nothing they have ever said has been worth a row of pins to humanity.
- Constance: (Apprehensively watching William). I suppose we had better stop William.
- William: (Growing more and more excited)calls in a loud voice): Marse Lincoln, is yo still dere. Oh! Marse Lincoln, what do yo - say - Who Won - de - War? What's dat I am spelling out?
- Constance: (Spelling slowly). We - W - O - N - T-H-E - W-A-R.
- William: WE! - Oh - who - is - WE?
- Mrs. Hawthorne:(Entering - in a quiet voice): We are the dead!
- William: (Jumping up from the table): Fo Gawd's sake, who said dem words? Was dat yo Miss Hawthorne? Did you speak?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I spoke. "We are the dead," - Yes, they are the only winners of the war - They, only, died that we might live - and they have won. Put the board away.

Constance: I'll put it away!

William: (Trembling with excitement): Oh, Miss Hawthorne, Miss Hawthorne, I'm so excited over dat board. Please don't put it away.

Mrs. Hawthorne: There is no need to be excited, William. That bit of wood in your hands does just what you want it to do!

William: Oh, Miss Hawthorne. If we only could get some message from our friends over de river.

Mrs. Hawthorne: I believe we can. (To Constance). I believe that Spirit with Spirit can meet, and if we are spiritual we may receive these Spirit messages, but whether they use our language or not I am still in doubt. I never can believe that they will co come in that way - No, they will - never - come - that way. But this I know, you can hear from the living even though you are separated by land and sea.

William: Yeas, I knows dat too. I remembahs the night you hehd young Mastah Albert callin' to you.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William. Go along. I hear that little calf a-calling you. (William goes out.)

Constance: What was that about, Grandmother? I would like to hear about that.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Sit down for a minute and I will tell you. A long time ago, when I was a young woman, I went away to Colorado. I had not been away very long when my young brother, a great tall boy of sixteen, followed me into that far country.

"I cannot live without, Sis," he said, "and I ran away to find you." What to do with the boy was the question.

That night Mr. Kester, a sheep rancher, was going back to his ranch and with him went my brother to herd sheep, and live in the open, - for he needed that.

Two weeks after I was awakened by a cry, and springing from my bed, I called out: "Yes, dear. I am here. What do you want?"

"Help," he said.

On that very night, and at that very minute, my brother was in danger of being swept over the Alkali Cliffs! The wind began to blow, and the sheep invariably moved before the wind, began to travel fast towards the cliff - My brother on the burro's back was begin swept before them. "I thought of you," said he "and immediately I heard the words: 'Send the dog over their backs, tell him to kill the Bell Wether.' I did, and the sheep turned to follow the movements of the dog, and we were saved!

Priscilla: ~~xxxxxxx~~ That is a fine illustration of telepathy. Wasn't it, Auntie?

Mrs. Hawthorne: I suppose so; but today I have also been getting indefinite messages, and I am wondering what they foretell.

Constance: What do you mean by telepathy?

Priscilla: Getting messages from the living.

Constance: But you can get messages from the dead, too. I have heard of many cases.

Priscilla: I have never heard of one that could not be explained by telepathy or mind-reading.

Constance: But I have. Sir Oliver Lodge believes in it, so does Conan Doyle and many others.

Priscilla: I know they do. I've read a good deal of their stuff, but it does not amount to anything. What do you think, Auntie; do you believe we can get messages from the dead?

Mrs. Hawthorne: O don't know, it doesn't seem as if it would be impossible if our ears were keen enough to hear. I often think about it, but I cannot recall ever having received a definite message from the dead - yet there are indefinite impressions, strange feelings that come to me sometimes that I have been in touch with those who have gone before. Beyond that I cannot say.

Priscilla: (Triumphantly) There you are, Constance. If anybody could get messages from the dead, Auntie could.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Today there is another call. 'Tis time for your slide, Connie, so off you go! I hear the bells on Jamie's horse.

Constance: Thank you, Grandmother.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, do not go on the old slide; the sides are rotting. You can have a jolly time on the long hill.

Constance: Good-night, Grandmother, dear - you will be asleep when I come home. Good night, dear. (Kissing her)

Mrs. Hawthorne: I will go to the door with you.
(Exit Mrs. Hawthorne.)

Priscilla: (Enters with Mrs. Hawthorne's slippers from hall door. William follows with tray with blue dishes. Priscilla lays slippers by the fire, then comes to the table and opens telegram, and hands it to William.) (William carefully puts on spectacles and reads in a trembling voice.)

William: 'Samuel very ill - no hope!' Marse Samuel very ill; no hope! Now isn't dat just what I ast that board? 'Is all our fambly well?' Dat fool t'ing say 'Yes'. Dats all it did say. Dat board's good for kindling wood!

Priscilla: Who will tell Auntie? I am afraid it will kill her.

William: Nobody - she knows. Lordy, how she do get the news befo anybody else, no need to sho her dis. Only dis mawnin' she said to me: "If we get bad news from the North today dey is no need to tell the chillen, William, dey'll have trouble soon enuff." Dat's what she said, so I'll just put it up here till de mawnin'. - Marse Samuel dangerously ill! like as not he is daid by now.

Priscilla: Hush! Listen!

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Enters with her arms full of baby clothes which she carries lovingly)
Look, Priscilla! These are his little clothes. You remember the day he was born into this life, the little lad who came in time for his father to go and preach. You remember, William, what you said when you came home from church?

William: Sholy. I said: "Marse Hawthorne he done preach a wonnerful powerful sermon dis day, about a little chile shall lead dem."

Mrs. Hawthorne: All day I have been thinking of that little one born so long ago - How long ago is it, William? 15.13

William: Nigh on fifty years, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: The little one we made such dainty garments for. Look, Priscilla - he must have been my first-born, because there did not seem to be time to do such things for the other ones, they came so fast . . . All day I seem to hear him calling; all day I seem to feel his chubby hands about my face, such little hot hands. All day I seem to have a restless little baby laid against my heart, tugging at my breast - that dear little child, born so long ago. This is his Christening robe.

Priscilla: What was that baby's name?

Mrs. Hawthorne: His - name - was - Samuel.

William: Marse Samuel was dat baby's name.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, that little baby has been in my arms all day - I will just sing him to sleep.

William: (Goes on quietly setting the table and humming softly): Deep River, I am going to pass over Jordan, Deep River

Mrs. Hawthorne: Bring the Book, William. (William brings the Book and reverently places it on the table in front of his mistress, then he sits in the chair at the side of the window, Priscilla sits on the footstool in front of her Aunt, while Mrs. Hawthorne reads in a lovely quiet voice): In my Father's House are Many Mansions . .

(The room has grown darker, until only Mrs. Hawthorne's face is seen, then all is flooded with a golden light. Mrs. Hawthorne stretches out her arms and her face shines as if transfigured. She gets the message that her child has passed over the River.)

Slow Curtain.

The End

THE MESSAGE

by

Emma Scott Hasmith.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett
Elizabeth Barrett - a poetess
My dear Mr. Barrett - a poetess & friend
Elizabeth Barrett - a poetess & friend
Mrs. Barrett.

"Spirit with Spirit can meet,
closer are they than breathing,
nearer than hands or feet."

Alfred Tennyson.

THE MESSAGE

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply furnished. (on the right is a couch before the fire. Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa against the wall.

Right door opens into scullery leading into kitchen.

Left hand door opens into hall leading outside.

Lattice windows between the doors have dainty chintz curtains. Glowering bulbs fill the entire length of the window. A chair on either length of window between

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne

Constance Hawthorne - - - - -her granddaughter

Noreen Robertson - - - - - Constance's School friend

Priscilla McGirr - - - - - Niece and companion to

Mrs. Hawthorne.

Susie Smoots - - - - -Mrs. Hawthorne's housemaid

William Ringo - - - - - Family servant-man and boy
for fifty years.

Jamie Buchanan - - - - - A Neighbor's son.

The scene is laid in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in Canada
at the present time.

Priscilla (sings): "For Annie".

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I wish you would go down to the post office
and see if there is any mail."

Priscilla. "But I am doing this morning's work."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "You can do with the light when the work
is done."

THE MESSAGE

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply furnished. (on the right is a couch before the fire. Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa against the wall.

Right door opens into scullery leading into kitchen, left hand door opens into hall leading outside. Lattice windows between the doors have dainty chintz curtains, flowering bulbs fill the entire length of the window. A chair on either length of window between the doors - the colors of mauve and gray predominate. Mrs. Hawthorne, a dainty fragile old lady over seventy enters the room. She is dressed in a quaint flowered silk, with rare old lace at her throat and wrists. She seems to be listening to someone invisible.

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes dear, I hear you calling. Tell your mother what is wrong." (She goes over to the window, draws the curtain aside and looks out, arranges the flowers on the window sill, waters some from a watering can on the floor near by. William puts his head in the door to right of stage and with an understanding nod withdraws)
"Priscilla, Priscilla!"

Priscilla (enters)- "Yes Auntie".

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I wish you would go down to the post office and see if there is any mail."

Priscilla. "But I was there this morning Auntie! "

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in."

Priscilla. "Are you expecting a letter?"

16.45

THE MESSAGE

(2)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, I feel today I should get a message.
All day someone has been calling to me."
(Again William's head appears at the
scullery door and then he hums)

William. "Den my little soul's gwine to shine. Den
my little soul's..... and shoveling her

Priscilla. "All right Auntie I will go on down to the
Post Office. The train may be late so be
sure and have Susie bring in your tea if
I am not back in time."
(William's head again appears in the
scullery door and a tap is heard)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Come in William."
William. (An old negro enters - he carries in his
hand a cap, evidently filled with eggs
by the care exercised - putting it down
on the little table in front of Mrs.
Hawthorne, he carefully puts on a pair
of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, and
after examining an egg closely, he says)
"Look Miss Hawthorne! Dat's the old spec's
egg. (Chuckling) She's got busy again -
Yes, dat's her egg. Looks to me as if
three more of them is earning their board
and keep, and keeping down the high cost
of living. Look at them beauties! (lays
eggs in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) - Yes, and
I sez to myself - Miss Hawthorne will be
glad to know that Daisy's got the finest
little calf I ever say" for sure's you
live Miss Hawthorne, when I goes into the
barn this mawnin' there's the finest little

THE MESSAGE

(3)

William - continued -
red heifer snuggled up close to Daisy's side,
things is lookin' up!"

Susie. (Enters with a tea tray, and after motioning to
William to take his cap off the table, places
the tray on the little table and elevating her
eyebrows at William, speaks)
"William, yo better be lookin' down instead of up -
see yo feet, all over dirt, coming in here
bothering the mistress with yo barn talk!"
(she gathers up the eggs and flounces out of the
room)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Ssh Susie!"
"William, you gave Daisy the warm stall last night?"

William. "Yes Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne. "And you didn't forget the bedding?"

William. "No Miss Hawthorne, I left her snug as a bug last
night and she is very comfortable now."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "William you remember that Miss Constance
comes home tonight for her holidays - she is
bringing one of her school friends from the city -
Take the double cutter and the big bears robe
when you go to the Depot to meet them."

William. "Ise got them all ready Miss Hawthorne. Ise going
to give them a good drive around by the old mill -
You know that was always a favorite ride of my
little Missy's, and she will like to show her
friend from the city the ice piled up at the dam"
McCutcheon's nigger says it is piled up twenty-
five feet high, but I think it is about ten
feet, yes I'll sure sho her de town. (William

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THE MESSAGE

(4)

William-continued -

goes out humming - "Den my little soul's gwine
to shine")

Mrs. Hawthorne - (Sits silent for awhile, then we hear
her say) "Yes darling, I hear you calling to me
all the long day! What is wrong dear? Tell your
Mother - (she is still listening) (pours out her
tea and sips it, apparently listening to voices
we cannot hear)

William - (Enters with an armful of wood, and carefully
puts it stick by stick in the wood box) "Did
Miss Priscilla go out Miss Hawthorne?"

Mrs. Hawthorne - "Yes William, I sent her to the Post Office
to see if there was any mail."

William - "I was there this mawnin' Miss Hawthorne. Is yo
worried about anything?"

Mrs. Hawthorne - "Yes William, Ise been looking for news
all day. I seem to hear Someone calling me."

William - "Well now, dat's strange Miss Hawthorne, but
I seems to feel like dat myself. I does too,
but I specs it is cause we is excited over
Miss Constance coming home. Yo know I have been
powerful lonely for dat little lady since she
went away to school. I spose its cause I helped
to raise her, the po little thing, she was
such a little pickaninny when her maw Miss
Henrietta died - I often think" -

Susie (Enters) "William you had better be getting on with
yo work instead of thinking - what right have
you to think, when the train's awhistling out to

THE MESSAGE

(5)

Susie - continued -

Porters' Corners - such wood to bring in, when Miss Conny's coming home too!"

William. "I suttinly am ashamed of this wood. If that white nigger Johnson comes fooling with our wood pile, I'll break every bone in" -

Susie. "What's dat you say about Mr. Johnsing? Yo is going to be late for dat train! I heard it whistle at the cross-roads a minute ago. You just let Mr. Johnsing alone, I'll attend to Mr. Johnsing."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Hush Susie!"

"Do not worry about the wood William. Go and get ready to go to the Depot. Susie open the door for Miss Priscilla, and see if she has any mail.
(William goes out of scullery door)

Priscilla. (Comes in apprehensively - she has a telegram in her hand, which she hides in her muff, as Mrs. Hawthorne turns around) "Well Auntie are you all right?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Did you get any mail at the Post Office Priscilla?"

Priscilla. "No Auntie."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "That's strange, I have been thinking all day that we would get some news from the North - All day I seem to be getting messages from there."

Priscilla. "I met Mrs. Buchanan at the Post Office and she sent her love to you Aunt Elizabeth, and told me she would like you and Constance and her friend to go

THE MESSAGE

(6)

Priscilla - continued -

over there for supper. You remember you promised Jamie that he could take the girls tobogganing after they had a cup of tea."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Oh yes, so I did! That would be very nice they could go home with Jamie. I wonder if those children have brought warm clothes to go tobogganning. Priscilla you had better go upstairs and look in the big chest in the closet off Constance's room. There you will find sweaters, mittens, moccasins and stockings" -
(Priscilla rises to go)

"Wait till you have a cup of tea"(rings bell - Susie comes in) "Susie make a fresh pot of tea. Your young Mistress and her friend from Toronto will be along in a few moments. Have your corn muffins ready to pop into the oven when you hear the bells. We will not open the big dining-room tonight - the children are invited out to supper, so spread our supper here as usual." "Priscilla will you please get my slippers when you are upstairs."
(Pantomime of Mrs. Hawthorne listening by the fire)

quietly pushed
Constance. (The door is ~~thrown~~ open and Constance ~~and her~~ *is on tiptoe*
and comes in ~~friend rush in~~) "Grandmother darling, here we ~~are~~
are "Home at last"! (throwing her arms around her grandmother she hugs and kisses her repeatedly) "Oh excuse me Grandmother - may I introduce my friend Noreen Robertson - Noreen, this is my Grandmother. Now did you ever see anything sweeter than my granny?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. (Greets Noreen with old fashioned curtesy)
"You are very welcme dear. I hope you will

THE MESSAGE

(7)

Mrs. Hawthorne - continued -

enjoy yourself in our old fashioned home. Constance's friends are all waiting to give you a good time, and you will have a good time if you enjoy Winter sports."

Noreen. "Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne. I am so glad to come and see you."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Constance come here, take off your hat. Where are your braids?"

Constance. "Oh, they are still there Grandmother - just covered over with fluff, because of dear you, they are still safely bound around my head. Pretty good camouflage is it not?" - as her Grandmother unwinds the braids - "Be thankful Granny dear, that they are not cut off, and my hair bobbed like Noreen's, for that is the prevailing epidemic in the city just now. Hello Cousin Priscilla. Miss Priscilla McGirr - Miss Noreen Robertson." (William enters piled high with bundles, he is making his way upstairs, when Constance stops him) "William put down those bundles and come here." "Grandmother, you never saw anyone so dignified as William down at the Station! Why he hardly looked at me!" Come here William, and be properly introduced. Noreen, this is William, and he's the best old soul. He helped to raise me - didn't he Grandmother? He carried me or my bundles around all his life, just like he is doing now."

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THE MESSAGE

(8)

William. (Grinning) "No! Not all my life Miss Constance, but all yo life!"
(Then with a profound bow to Noreen)
"How do you do Miss - Ise glad to make yo acquaintance. Yo is mighty welcome. I know you must be a lady or you wouldn't be here."

Susie. (Enters with tray for tea) "How de do Miss Conny."

Constance (Curtseys) "Here's Susie! What you got inside that muffin dish Susie? I bet a million dollars them corn muffins am potato cakes."

Susie. "Yo wins yo bet Miss Conny, they is, and yo better get to eating them - they is turning cold from neglect. All they needs is your sweet lips atastin' them to make them grow hot again."
"William (who is trying to get a chance to speak) You go and attend to yo own business - you better put yo horse away."

William. (Ignoring Susie) "Miss Constance, I got a very particular message to deliver to yo."

Constance. "Yes William".

William. "Have you got a minute to listen?"

Constance. "Yes William."

William. "Dick Green is home from de war. You remember he was Mass Paul Pomeroy's batman away over dere in France. He's home now and he's brought a message for you from France (going close to Constance) and he's brought a present for you."

THE MESSAGE

(9)

Constance. "Hush William" - Dick Green home - splendid old Dick - Uncle Eddie told me there was no holding him in the pen when the war broke out, and when he heard the Cavalry Brigade was going, he became positively ungovernable."

William. "Yes, dat's so Miss Constance. Dick he say "Let me out of here - I got as good a right to serve my Country as anyone. Let me out of here - Whose to take care of Marse Paul's horse (he said) I'll come back after the war is over, if I'm alive, and go back in the pen, if you want me to, but I am going to have this chance to prove that my Soul is white, even if my body is black!" Dat's right Miss Constance, dat's right, and dey let him out and off he went to de front with de first contingent."

Constance. "Do you hear Noreen? That old nigger (excuse me William) went off to the war, one of the first to go and one of the last to return. Listen! Noreen, that's not the end of it. He has brought his Master's horse home and they both have decorations! Hooray! That's one of the war records we are proud of in this old town, and we have two V.C's besides!"

Noreen. "Out of the Penn! Do you mean the Penitentiary Constance? Is that what you said?"

Constance. "Yes, that is what I said, and that is what I mean. He got in there by mistake, instead

16/12

THE MESSAGE

Constance - cont'd (10)

Constance.- continued -

Susie. of the other fellow, Uncle Eddie says, and Uncle Eddie knows."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Constance darling, don't get so excited."

Constance. "But Grandmother, just let me tell Noreen one thing more about Dick. We have known Dick all our lives haven't we Grandmother?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, dear."

Constance. "Well, you know Noreen, when I was a wee little girl, we used to go up the Lakes every year, on the "Nancy Jane" - Well, Dick was head cook on that boat, and one day he put me on the dumb waiter, and sent me down into the kitchen to get a little pie he had made for me. After that I went every day for a ride on the dumb waiter, and every day I found at the end of my journey a pie or taffy or candy made specially for me."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Have another cup of tea, Noreen, is it to your liking?"

Noreen. "Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne it is delicious."

Constance. (Susie enters with hot water) "Susie please come and tell our fortunes, and Grandmother won't strain the tea this time" (Constance goes over to William, who comes in with some more bundles) "Back from the war with news from Paul, what did you say about a present William?" (and she directs him to place bundles on sofa at the left) "Susie, please tell Noreen's fortune first, she

THE MESSAGE

(11)

Constance - continued -
is so temperamental she cannot wait."

Susie. (Studying Noreen's cup) "I see here a very fair person with a golden head, and something very heavy hanging over it."

Constance. "Susie, you are a witch - that's the Prince with the golden head. The Prince of Wales - and that's the crown of England he's threatened with. I believe it is hanging heavy, heavy over his golden head. We all fell in love with him in Toronto. He danced and danced with Noreen, and ever since her temperature has either been sub-normal or over 100. I tell you it is pretty hard on all her friends. I have brought her up here to be cured of the Prince."

Noreen. (In a dreamy far away tone) "I don't want to be cured - He is just a dear boy. He told me he wished he was a cow-boy. He wants to have fun like other boys and he's got to be a King! I'd like to know who would want to be a King these days. They are all getting their heads knocked off. "What else do you see Susie?"

Susie. "I see a long long hill to climb - a long long hill! Let me look at yo hand honey - Here's love, here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but my! Yo is fond of luxury, and an easy time, but sho as yo libe Miss yo has a long long hill to climb."

Constance. "Nonsense Susie! You will scare her to death! That long long hill is the toboggan slide. I hear Jamie's call this minute (and she answers the yodle-like summons from without by an answer from within)

1614

THE MESSAGE

(12)

Constance . "William open the door for Jamie Buchanan" This is the boy I told you about Noreen - He's the cleverest boy in Grey County"(Jamie is ushered in) He is undoubtedly country bory and bred - very wholesome to look at, but very shy) "Hello Jamie! Well! How you have grown! I tell you it is grand to see a real genuine boy again - Noreen, you remember me telling you about the chap who won the Prince of Wales' Scholarship (she will like you for that) He will be at the University next year."

Jamie Buchanan. "How do you do Miss Robertson. Glad to see you home again Constance. We have all missed you terribly, especially the Three tree gang - Good evening Mrs. Hawthorne, oh, I forgot I brought back your gad-about"(He takes a white rabbit out of his pocket and places it in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) This wanderer could give you news of the underworld because he's been burrowing in the roots of things" (laughter)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Jamie, stop making fun of me."

Constance . "Now Jamie, don't begin talking to Grandmother about things we do not understand."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Come here Jamie, and tell me how your mother is - Thank her for the kind invitation to supper. I will be very pleased to have the girls go - I want them to have a good time and I am depending on you for help. Today I am not very good company for young people"(The girls are by this time trying on caps and sweaters. Priscilla McGirr comes in from the hall with an armful of practical looking woollens. - In the struggle to release the shawl-strap, a ouija board slips out and rolls with a clatter on the floor)

16-15

THE MESSAGE

(13)

William. "Fo de Lawd's sake, what dat Miss Constance?

Noreen. "Oh William! That's a Ouija Board, and William, it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead!"

William. (Scared to death) "I've seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from de daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but I'd rather hear from the living than the daid today. Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angel at Mons, and the Three Horsemen and the Choir Invisible" -

Constance. "Put it away Noreen, I am sure Grandmother would not like William or Susie to try it."

William, "Ask her if I can Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress."

Noreen. "Does she believe in this?"

William. "No, I expec she's past this. I heard her say that Spirit with Spirit can meet. I don't know exactly what she means by dat, but she does, or else wouldn't say it. I think she gets messages some other way, but I never heard her say Spirits talked to her - she gets messages from the living and she says that when we need help from the other world that Love will find a way - Oh, no, Miss Hawthorne does not believe in the things folks is doing nowadays!

THE MESSAGE

(14)

William - continued -
William - continued - "Look at her now, I specs she is telling Jamie about our bran new calf."

Noreen. "Sit down William, and place your hands here, now go ahead."
Constance. "William have we got a calf? You didn't tell me about that."

William. "Oh, what a stoopid ah am, that was to be a surprise when you went hunting for fresh eggs in the mawmin' but I was so excited over this board I went and blabbed it out."

Constance. (Goes over to her grandmother)
"Grandmother, William tells me we have a bran new calf, and what else Grandmother?" (Petting her)
"You are such a pet. Come on darling upstairs with me for a minute, but before you go dear, you won't mind Noreen showing Jamie and William how to work the Ouija Board? It is such fun Grandmother dear."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "No Constance, if they only have fun with it, but look at William's face now. (William stands over the Ouija Board in terrified contemplation)
"He is so much a child, with the imagination of a child, and the superstition of his race as well."
(Mrs. Hawthorne and Constance go out)

Noreen. (At a sign from Constance)
"Sit down William and place your hands here.
Now go ahead - who would you like to speak to?"

William. "Ise been bothered all day and so is Miss Hawthorne. I'd like to speak to Marse Hawthorne and ask him if all dis fambly am well, but since I heard that nigger of McCutcheons talk about de wee gee board, Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but he's a liar,

1617

THE MESSAGE

(15)

William - continued -

for he says "We won de war": When he talks like dat
I feel like I want to gag him."

Noreen. "Sit down William, and place your hands here, now go
ahead, we will ask Ouija who won the war."

William. "No Miss Noreen, I would like to speak to Marse
Hawthorne first."

Noreen. "All right William, ask for Mr. Hawthorne."

William. "Marse Hawthorne is yo dere?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - yes!"

William. "Is - yo - sho - yo - is dere Marse Hawthorne?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - yes!"

Susie. (Who has been watching the proceedings in unfeigned
terror)

William. "Fo de Lawd's sake! Look how his hands are trembling!
Is yo sho Miss Noreen dat Marse Hawthorne am dere?
How do you feel William? Is yo scared?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."

William. "Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."

William. "Yes - it - says - Yes, Ise glad to hear dat, cause
all day Miss Hawthorne she's getting messages and
Ise kind of feeling myself that something was
wrong - Fo de Lawd's sake! I feel mighty queer!
Yes I guess I is scared. Don't you come too near us
Susie you couldn't stand it.

16/8

(16)

William. "Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's niggah tole me dat dey won de war - he comes from New York - Ise been bothered like - I would like to ask Marse Abraham Lincoln who won de war. He would tell de trufe."

Noreen. "All right William, ask to speak to Mr. Abraham Lincoln."

William. "I like to do dat. Marse Lincoln I like to speak to
yo Sir, if yo please."

Noreen: "That's right William."

William' "Is yo dere Marse Lindoln?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes!"

William. "Marse Lincoln who won de war?"

Jamie. (Comes hurriedly to table and exclaims)
"Oh let me try."

Noreen. "No I will not let you try. This is not for you."

Jamie. "It won't hurt me Miss Robertson. That Ouija Board is just pure imposition - when I read Sir Oliver Lodge's speech, I felt like throwing up my cap and shouting. Why would anyone bother with any speeches the so-called Spirits have given to the World. Nothing they have said has been worth a row of pins to humanity - so Bosh say I."

Noreen. "Have you ever tried the Ouija?"

Jamie. "No I never had the chance."

I rather distrust
any boards (and the
General Board) and
think that the
subversive mind
of the adult world
may be all right
but it is not
good for the
young. They get
from the world.

THE MESSAGE

(17)

- Noreen. "You have it now."
- Jamie. "Now I don't want it -"
- Susie. "I know who I want to speak to when I get the chance."
- Noreen. (Apprehensively watching Susie) "Who Susie?"
- Susie. (Bursting out crying) "The Mistress knows" -
- William. (Now growing more and more excited - his hands wandering all over the Ouija Board - calls in a loud voice) "Marse Lincoln is yo still dere? Oh, Marse Lincoln what - yo - say - who - won - de - war? What's dat I am spelling out?"
- Noreen. (Spelling slowly) "W - E - W-O-N - T-H-E - W-A-R."
- William. "WE! Oh - who - is - WE? I wish Miss Hawthorne was here to tell me who is "WE".
- Mrs. Hawthorne. (Entering - in a quiet voice) "WE are the dead".
- William. (Jumping up from the table) "Fo God's Sake who said dem words? Was dat yo Miss Hawthorne? Did you speak?"
- Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, William, I got the message for you. - "We are the dead" - Yes, They are the only winners of the War - They only died that we might live - and they have won. Put the board away Jamie."
- Noreen. "Don't touch this board. I'll put it away."
- William. (Trembling with excitement) "Oh Miss Hawthorne, Miss Hawthorne, Ise so excited over dat board, please don't put it away."
- Mrs. Hawthorne. "There is no need to be excited William. That bit of wood in your hands does just what you want it to do."
- 16/19

THE MESSAGE

William. "Oh Miss Hawthorne, if we could get some message from our friends over the river."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I believe we can William. I believe that Spirit with Spirit can meet, and if we are spiritual we may receive these Spirit messages, but whether they use our language or not I am still in doubt, and I never can believe that they will come in that way - No they will - never - come - that way. But this I know, you can hear from the living even though you are separated by land and sea."

William. "Yes I knows that too. I remembers the night you heered young Master Albert calling to you."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes William, go along I hear that little calf a calling you."

Constance. "But Grandmother tell Noreen about that please do."

Jamie. "I've always wanted to know about that too."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Sit down children, and I will tell you, for all day I have been hearing some one call to me."

"A long time ago when I was a young woman, I went away to Colorado. I had not been away very long when my young brother, a great tall boy of sixteen followed me into that far country. "I cannot live without you Sis, he said and I ran away to find you". What to do with the boy was the question?

That night Mr. Kester, a sheep rancher was going back to his ranch and with him went my brother to herd sheep, and live in the open, for he needed that. Two weeks after I was awakened by a cry, and

THE MESSAGE

(19)

Mrs. Hawthorne - continued -
and springing from my bed, I called out "Yes dear, I am here. What do you want? "Help" he said. On that very night, and at that very minute, my brother was in danger of being swept over the Alkali Cliffs! The wind began to blow, and the sheep invariably moved before the wind, began to travel fast towards the cliff - My brother on the Burro's back was being swept before them. I thought of you, said he, and immediately I heard the words "Send the dog over their backs, tell him to kill the Bell Wether". I did and the sheep turned to follow the movements of the dog, and we were saved!"

Jamie. "Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne, that is a fine illustration of telepathy."

Noreen. "What do you mean by telepathy?"

Jamie. "Getting messages from the living."

Noreen. "But they get messages from the dead too, I have heard of many cases."

Jamie. "I have never heard of one that could not be explained by telepathy or mind reading."

Noreen. "But I have, Sir Oliver Lodge believes in it, so does Conan Doyle and many others."

Jamie. "I know they do, I've read a good deal of their stuff, but it does not amount to anything. What do you think Mrs. Hawthorne do you believe we can get messages from the dead?"

1521

THE MESSAGE

(20)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I don't know, it doesn't seem as if it would be impossible if our ears were keen enough to hear. I often think about it, but I cannot recall ever having received a definite message from the dead - yet there are indefinite impressions, strange feelings that come to me sometimes that I have been in touch with those who have gone before. Beyond that I cannot say."

Jamie. "There you are Miss Noreen. If anybody could get messages from the dead Mrs. Hawthorne could. Won't you tell us some more?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Not today, I must be listening for today there is another call. 'Tis time for your slide, so off you go."

Constance. "All right Grandmother, dear."

Noreen. "Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Jamie, do not trust to the old slide, the sides are rotting - take care of the girls, and may you all have a jolly time."

Constance. "Say good-night to Grandmother now - you will be asleep won't you dear when we get home? Good night dear. Ah there's Jamie at his old tricks." (And she kisses the girls and then Jamie)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I will go to the door with you" (Exit Mrs. Hawthorne)

Priscilla. (Enters with Mrs. Hawthorne's slippers from hall

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THE MESSAGE

(21)

Priscilla - continued -
door - Susie from kitchen door with cloth which
she lays for supper.
William follows with tray with blue dishes.
Priscilla lays slippers by the fire, then comes to
the table and opens telegram, and hands it to
William - William carefully puts on spectacles and
reads in a trembling voice -)

William. "Samuel very ill - no hope!"
"Marse Samuel very ill no hope! Now isn't that just
what I asked that board?" I said "Is all our
fambly well?" "Dat fool board it say "Yes" that's
all it did say. That boards a liar and will go
where all liars go. It will make good kindling wood."

Susie. "Oh dear, dear, who is going to tell the Mistress?"

William. "Nobody - she done knows.
Lordy, how she do get the news befo anybody else,
no need to sho her this, she knows. Dis mawnin' she
said to me, "if we get any bad news from the North
today, no need to tell the children, William, they
will have trouble enuff" dat's what she said, so
I'll just put it up here täll de mawnin'."

Susie. "Dat fool board William - it say "Yes" when you ast
it if all our fambly well!"

William. "Yes, all it did say was "Yes" to everything. Marse
Samuel dangerously ill, like as not he is daid now."

Priscilla. "Hush! Listen!"

Mrs. Hawthorne. (Enters with her arms full of baby clothes, which
she carries lovingly)

"Look, Priscilla! These are his little clothes. You
remember the day he was born into this life, the

16.23

THE MESSAGE

(22)

Mrs. Hawthorne. little lad who came in time for his father to go and preach. You remember William.

William. "Sho I said "Marse Hawthorne he done preach a wonderful sermon that day, about a little child shall lead dem".

Mrs. Hawthorne. "All day I have been thinking of that little one born so long ago - How long ago is it?"

William. "Nigh on fifty years, Miss Hawthorne."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "The little one we made such dainty garments for" Look Priscilla - he must have been my first born, because there did not seem to be time to do such things for the other ones, they came so fast - -
All day I seem to hear him calling, all day I seem to feel his chubby hands about my face, such little hot hands. All day I seem to have a restless little baby laid against my heart, tugging at my breast - that dear little child, born so long ago. This is his little Christening robe Priscilla."

Priscilla. "What was that baby's name?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. "His - name - was - Samuel."

William. "Yes, Marse Samuel was dat baby's name."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, William, your little Master has been in my arms all day - you remember you used to sing him to sleep - I will just hold my baby in my arms till you sing him to sleep."

1624

THE MESSAGE

(23)

William.

(Goes on quietly setting the table and humming softly) "Deep River I am going to pass over Jordan Deep River" -

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Bring the Book William" (William brings it and reverently places it on the table in front of his Mistress, then he and Susie sit in the chairs on either side of the window. Priscilla sits on the footstool in front of her Mistress, while Mrs. Hawthorne reads in a lovely quiet voice) "In my Father's House are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you."

(The room has grown darker, until only Mrs. Hawthorne's face is seen, then all is flooded with a golden light. Mrs. Hawthorne stretches out her arms and her face shines as if transfigured. She gets the message that her child has passed over the River)

Slow Curtain.

The End.

16.25

THE MESSAGE

"Spirit with Spirit can speak,
closer than they than breathing,
deeper than words or feet."

EMMA SCOTT NASMITH

#4170

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne
Constance Hawthorne her granddaughter
Priscilla McGirr niece and companion
to Mrs. Hawthorne
William Ringo family servant-man
and boy for fifty
years

The scene is laid in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in an old
Ontario town at the present time.

THE MESSAGE

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply
furnished, (on the right is a couch before the fire.
Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in
centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa
against the wall.

Right door opens into scullery leading into kitchen,
left hand door opens into hall leading outside. Lattice
windows between the doors have dainty chintz curtains,
flowering bulbs fill the entire length of the window.
A chair on either side of window between the doors -
the colors of mauve and gray predominate.)

Mrs. Hawthorne, a dainty fragile old lady over seventy
is seated before the fire. She is dressed in a quaint
flowered silk, with rare old lace at her throat and
wrists. She seems to be listening to someone invisible.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes dear, I hear you calling. Tell your mother what
is wrong! (She goes over to the window, draws the
curtain aside and looks out, arranges the flowers
on the window sill, waters some from a watering can
on the floor near by. William puts his head in the
door to right of stage and with an understanding
nod withdraws.)
Priscilla, Priscilla!

Priscilla: (enters) Yes Auntie.

Mrs. Hawthorne: I wish you would go down to the post office and
see if there is any mail.

Priscilla: But I was there this morning Auntie!

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in.

Priscilla: Are you expecting a letter?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, I feel today I should get a message. All day long someone has been calling to me. (Again William's head appears at the scullary door and then he hums:)

William: Den my little soul's gwine to shine. Den my little soul's

Priscilla: All right, Auntie. I will go on down to the Post Office. The train may be late so be sure and have William bring in your tea if I am not back in time.

(William's head again appears in the scullery door and a tap is heard)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Come in, William.

William: (An old negro enters - he carries in his hand a cap, evidently filled with eggs by the care exercised - putting it down in the little table in front of Mrs. Hawthorne, he carefully putson a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glassed, and after examining an egg closely, he says) Look, Miss Hawthorne! Dat's the old spec's egg! (Chuckling) She's got busy again - Yes, dat's her egg. Looks to me as if three more of them is earning their board and keeping down the high cost of living. Look at them beauties! (lays eggs in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) - Yes, and i see to myself.- Miss Hawthorne will be glad to know that Daisy's got the dandiest little calf I ever saw, for sure's you live Miss Hawthorne, when I goes into the barn this mawnin' there is a fine little red heifer snuggled up close to Dairy's side; thing's sutnly is lookin' up!

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you gave Daisy the warm stall last night?

William: Yes, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: And you didn't forget the bedding?

William: No, Miss Hawthorne, I left her snug as a bug last night and she is very comf'table now.

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you remember that Miss Constance comes home tonight for her holidays - Take the double cutter and the big bear's robe when you go to the

- Mrs. Hawthorne: Depot to meet her.
- William: Ise got them all ready, Miss Hawthorne. Ise going to drive around by the old mill to show Missy the ice piled up at the dam. McCutcheon's niggeh says it is piled up twenty-five feet high, but I expect it's about ten. Yesm I'll shew her de town. (William goes out humming:) Den my little soul's gwine to shine . . .
- Mrs. Hawthorne: (Sits silent for awhile, then speaks) Yes darling, I hear you; calling to me all the long day! What is wrong, dear? Tell your mother, she is listening. (She is apparently listening to voices we cannot hear.)
- William: (Enters with an armful of wood, and carefully puts it stick by stick in the wood box.) Did Miss Priscilla go out, Miss Hawthorne?
- Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I sent her to the Post Office to see if there was any mail.
- William: I was there myself this mawnin', Miss Hawthorne. Is yo worried about anything?
- Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I have been looking for news all day. I seem to hear Someone calling me!
- William: Well now, dat's strange, Miss Hawthorne, but I seems to feel like dat myself, but I specs it is cause we is excited over Miss Constance coming home. Yo know I have been powerful lonely for dat little lady since she went away to school. I spose its cause I helped to raise her; po little thing, she was such a little pickaninny when her maw Miss Henrietta died. I often think of her but I must be looking up.
- Priscilla: (Enters) apprehensively with a telegram which she hides in her muff) William you better be lookin down not up see your feet. You had better be getting on; the trains whistling out at Porter's Corners; such wood to bring in when Miss Conny's coming home too!
- William: I suttingly am ashamed of this wood. If dat white nigger Johnsing comes round here foolin' with our woodpile, I'll break every bone in his body.
- Mrs. Hawthorne: Hush. Do not worry about the wood, William. (William goes out of scullery door.) Did you get any mail at the Post Office, Priscilla?
- Priscilla: No, Auntie.
- Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes.

Mrs. Hawthorne: That's strange. I have been thinking all day that we would get some news from the North. All day I seem to be getting messages from there.

Priscilla: I met Mrs. Buchanan at the Post Office and she ~~went~~ her love to you, Aunt Elizabeth, and told me she would like you and Constance to go over there for supper. You remember you promised Jamie that he could take Conny tobogganing after she had a cup of tea.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Oh, yes, so I did! That would be very nice. She could go with Jamie, but today I must stay at home. Priscilla, will you please get my slippers when you are upstairs? (Priscilla goes out. Pantomime of Mrs. Hawthorne listening by the fire.) quietly musing. (5 minutes) Then sleigh bells and street sounds.

Constance: (The door is quietly pushed open and Constance comes in on tiptoe and covers her grandmother's eyes with her hands.) Grandmother, darling, here I am home at last! (Throwing her arms around her grandmother she hugs and kisses her repeatedly.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, come here, take off your hat. Where are your braids?

Constance: Oh, they are still there, Grandmother - just covered over with fluff. Because of dear you they are still safely bound around my head. Pretty good camouflage, granny, is it not? (as her grandmother unwinds the braids). Be thankful, granny dear, that they are not cut. That is the prevailing epidemic in the city just now. Hello, Cousin Priscilla.

(Priscilla goes to get tea.)

(William enters, piled high with bundles he is making his way upstairs, when Constance stops him.)

Constance: William, put down those bundles and come here! Grandmother, you never saw anyone so dignified as William down at the station! Why, he hardly looked at me! Come here, William.

William: (Grinning) How do you do, Miss Conny. Ise glad to see yo home. Miss Hawthorne has been powerful lonely for you, an I expecs I have myself.

Priscilla: William, you had better put your horse away.

William: (Ignoring her) Miss Constance, I got a very particular message to deliver to yo.

Constance: Yes, William?

William: Hass/ yo got time to listen?

Constance: Yes, William.

William: Dick Green is come home from de ~~war~~^{east}. You remember he was Mass Paul Pomeroy's batman away over dere in France. He's home now and he's brought a message for you from France (going close to Constance) and he's brought a present for you.

Constance: Hush, William - Dick Green home? Splendid old Dick. Uncle Eddie told me there was no holding him in the pen when the war broke out.

Priscilla: In the pen? Do you mean the penitentiary, Constance?

Constance: Yes, that is what I said. He got in there by mistake, instead of the other fellow, Uncle Eddie said. (William escapes through hall door convulsed with laughter.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, darling, don't get so excited.

Constance: Grandmother, but just let me tell Cousin Priscilla one thing more about Dick. We have known Dick all our life, haven't we, Grandmother?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, dear.

Constance: Well, you know, Priscilla, when I was a wee little girl, we used to go up the Lakes every year on the "Nancy Jane" - Well, Dick was head cook on that boat, and one day . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: Never mind that now Constance. Have a cup of tea.

Constance: (Priscilla enters with hot water) Priscilla, please come and tell my fortune.

Priscilla: I see here a long hill to climb and . . . Let me look at your hand. Here's love, here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but you are very fond of luxury and an easy time.

Constance: Nonsense, Priscilla! You will scare me to death! That long hill is the toboggan slide.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, you must be off to the slide; Jamie will be here in a minute, and you must be ready for him. I am not very good company for young people today.

(Constance is by this time trying on cap and sweater. Priscilla McGirr comes in from the Hall with an armful of winter clother. In releasing a shawl-strap a ouija board slips out and rolls with a clatter on the floor.)

- William: Fo de Lawd's sake, what's dat, Miss Constance?
- Constance: That's a Ouija Board, William, and it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead!
- William: (Scared to death) I've seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from de daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but I'd rather hear from the living than the daid today. Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angels at Montreal and the Three Horsemen and the Choir Invisible -
- Constance: Put it away, Priscilla, I am sure Grandmother would not like William to try it.
- William: Ast her if I can, Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the mistress.
- Constance: She doesn't believe in this!
- William: No, Ah expect she's away past this. Ah heard her say once dat Spirit with Spirit can meet. Ah don know exactly what she means by dat, but she does, or else she wouldn't say it. Ah never heard her say Spirits talked to her - she sutinly gets messages from the livin' though and she says that when we need help from the other world that Love will find a way. Oh, no! Miss Hawthorne is not interested in the things folks is talking about nowadays. Our bran new calf an' such things interests her more'n the things she sees in the papers.
- Constance: William, have we got a calf? You didn't tell me about that.
- William: Oh, what a stoopid Ah am, that was to be a surprise when you went huntin' for fresh eggs in the mawnin', but Ah was so excited over this board Ah went and blabbed it out.
- Constance: (Goes over to her grandmother) Grandmother, William tells me we have a brand new calf. You must show it to me tomorrow. (Petting her.) You won't mind me showing William how to work the Ouija Board until Jamie calls? It is such fun, Grandmother dear.
- Mrs. Hawthorne: No, Constance, if you only have fun with it; but look at William's face now! (William stands over the Ouija Board in terrified contemplation) He is such a child, with the imagination of a child, and the superstition

- William: of his race as well. (Mrs. Hawthorne and Priscilla go out.)
- Constance: Sit down William, and place your hands here. Now go ahead - who would you like to speak to?
- William: Ise been bothered all day and so is Miss Hawthorne. I'd like to speak to Marse Hawthorne and ast him if all dis fambly am well, but since I heard dat niggah of McCutcheons talk about de wee jee board, Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but den he's a liar, for he says: "We won de war!" When he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him! (Priscilla enters.)
- Constance: Now, William, place your hands here and go ahead. Perhaps Ouija will tell you who won the war.
- William: No, Miss, I would like to speak to Marse Hawthorne.
- Constance: All right. See if Mr. Hawthorne will speak to you.
- William: Marse Hawthorne, is yo dere?
- Constance: Yes - it says - yes!
- William: Is - yo - sho - yo - is dere, Marse Hawthorne?
- Constance: Yes, it-says - Yes!
- William: Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?
- Constance: Yes - it - says - yes.
- William: Yes - it - says - Yes. Ise glad to hear dat, cause all day Miss Hawthorne, she's getting messages and Ise kind of feelin' myself that something was wrong.
- Priscilla: Are you scared, William?
- William: Yes, I is, Miss Priscilla. You go away you is too young. Fo de Lawd's sake! I feel mighty queer! Yes, I guess I is scared.
- Constance: Is there anyone else you would like to speak to, William?
- William: Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's niggah tole me dat dey won de war - he comes from New Yohk - Ise been bothered like. I would like to ask Marse Abraham Lincoln who won de war. He would tell de trufe.
- Constance: Alright, William, ask to speak to Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

William: I like to do dat. Marse Lincoln, I like to speak to you Sir, if yo please.

Constance: That's right, William.

William: Is yo dere, Marse Lincoln?

Constance: Yes - it - says - Yes!

William: Marse Lincoln, who won de war?

Priscilla: That Ouija Board is just pure imposition - when I read Sir Oliver Lodge's speech I felt like shouting. He said the Ouija Boards with automatic writers may be alright, but most of the results were from the subconscious mind, and people were too prone to believe what they got from that source. Why would anyone bother with these or any speeches the so-called Spirits have given to the world? Nothing they have ever said has been worth a row of pins to humanity.

Constance: (Apprehensively watching William) I suppose we had better stop, William.

William: (Growing more and more excited) calls in a loud voice): Marse Lincoln, is yo still dere. Oh! Marse Lincoln, what do yo - say - Who - won - de - war? What's dat I am spelling out?

Constance: (Spelling slowly) We - W - O - N - T - h - e - W - A - R .

William: WE! - Oh - who - is - WE?

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Entering - in a quiet voice): We are the dead!

William: (Jumping up from the table): Fo Gawd's sake, who said dem words? Was dat yo Miss Hawthorne? Did you speak?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I spoke. "We are the dead," - Yes, they are the only winners of the war - They, only, died that we might live - and they have won. Put the board away.

Constance: I'll put it away!

William: (Trembling with excitement): Oh, Miss Hawthorne, Miss Hawthorne, Ise so excited over dat board. Please don't put it away.

Mrs. Hawthorne: There is no need to be excited, William. That bit of wood in your hands does just what you want it to do!

William: Oh, Miss Hawthorne, If we only could get some message from our friends over de river.

Mrs. Hawthorne: I believe we can. (To Constance). I believe that Spirit with Spirit can meet, and if we are spiritual we may receive these Spirit messages, but whether they use our language or not I am still in doubt, I never can believe that they will come in that way - No, they will - never - come - that way. But this I know, you can hear from the living even though you are separated by land and sea.

William: Yes, I knows dat too. I remembahs de night yo hehd young Mastah Albert callin' to you.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William. Go along. I hear that little calf a-calling you. (William goes out.)

Constance: What was that about, Grandmother? I would like to hear about that.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Sit down for a minute and I will tell you. A long time ago, when I was a young woman, I went away to Colorado. I had not been away very long when my young brother, a great tall boy of sixteen, followed me into that far country.

"I cannot live without you, Sis," he said, "and I ran away to find you." What to do with the boy was the question.

That night Mr. Kester, a sheep rancher, was going back to his ranch and with him went my brother to herd sheep, and live in the open, - for he needed that,

Two weeks after I was awakened by a cry, and springing from my bed, I called out: "Yes, dear, I am here. What do you want?"

"Help," he said.

On that very night, and at that very minute, my brother was in danger of being swept over the Alkali Cliffs! The wind began to blow, and the sheep invariably moved before the wind, began to travel fast towards the cliff - My brother on the burro's back was being swept before them. "I thought of you," said he, "and I immediately heard the words: 'Send the dog over their backs, tell him to kill the Bell Wether.' I did, and the sheep turned to follow the movements of the dog, and we were saved!"

Priscilla: That is a fine illustration of telepathy, wasn't it Auntie?

Mrs. Hawthorne: I suppose so; and today I have also been getting indefinite messages, and I am wondering what they foretell.

Constance: What do you mean by telepathy?

Priscilla: Getting messages from the living.

Constance: But you can get messages from the dead, too. I have heard of many cases.

Priscilla: I have never heard of one that could not be explained by telepathy or mind-reading.

Constance: But I have. Sir Oliver Lodge believes in it, so does Conan Doyle and many others.

Priscilla: I know they do. I've read a good deal of their stuff, but it does not amount to anything. What do you think, Auntie? Do you believe we can get messages from the dead?

Mrs. Hawthorne: I don't know, it doesn't seem as if it would be impossible if our ears were keen enough to hear. I often think about it, but I cannot recall ever having received a definite message from the dead - yet there are indefinite impressions, strange feelings that come to me sometimes that I have been in touch with those who have gone before. Beyond that I cannot say.

Priscilla: (Triumphantly) There you are, Constance. If anybody could get messages from the dead, Auntie could.
(Priscilla goes out.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Today there is another call. 'Tis time for your slide, Connie, so off you go. I hear the bells on Jamie's horse.

Constance: Thank you, Grandmother.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, do not go on the old slide; the sides are rotting. You can have a jolly time on the long hill.

Constance: Good-night, Grandmother, dear - you will be asleep when I come home. Good night, dear. (Kissing her.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: I will go to the door with you.
(Exit Mrs. Hawthorne.)

Priscilla: (Enters with Mrs. Hawthorne's slippers from hall door. William follows with tray with blue dishes. Priscilla lays slippers by the fire, then comes to the table and opens telegram, and hands it to William. (William carefully puts on spectacles and

and reads in a trembling voice.)

William: 'Samuel very ill - no hope!' - Marse Samuel very ill; no hope! - Now isn't dat just what I ast dat board? 'Is all our fambly well?' Dat fool t'ing say 'Yes'. Dats all it did say. Dat board's good for kindlin' wood!

Priscilla: Who will tell Auntie? I am afraid it will kill her.

William: Nobody - she knows. Lordy, how she do get the news befo anybody else, no need to sho her dis. Only dis mawnin' she said to me: "If we get bad news from the North today dey is no need to tell the chillen, William, dey'll have trouble soon enuff." Dat's what she said, so I'll just put it up here till de mawnin'. - Marse Samuel dangerously ill! Like as not he is daid by now.

Priscilla: Hush! Listen!

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Enters with her arms full of baby clothes which she carried lovingly)
Look, Priscilla! These are his little clothes. You remember the day he was born into this life, the little lad who came in time for his father to go and preach. You remember, William, what you said when you came home from church?

William: Sholy. I said: "Marse Hawthorne he done preach a wonnerful powerful sermon dis day, about a little chile shall lead dem."

Mrs. Hawthorne: All day I have been thinking of that little one born so long ago - How long ago is it William?

William: Nigh on fifty years, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: The little one we made such dainty garments for. Look, Priscilla - he must have been my first-born, because there did not seem to be time to do such things for the other ones, they came so fast . . . All day I seem to hear him calling; all day I seem to feel his chubby hands about my face, such little hot hands. All day I seem to have a restless little baby laid against my heart, tugging at my breast - that dear little child, born so long ago. This is his Christening robe.

Priscilla: What was that baby's name?

Mrs. Hawthorne: His - name - was - Samuel.

William: Marse Samuel was dat baby's name.

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Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, that little baby has been in my arms all day -
I will just sing him to sleep.

William: (Goes on quietly setting the table and humming
softly): Deep River, I am going to pass over
Jordan, Deep River

Mrs. Hawthorne: Bring the Book, William. (William brings the Book
and reverently places it on the table in front of
his mistress, then he sits in the chair at **the**
side of the window. Priscilla sits on the footstool
in front of her Aunt, while Mrs. Hawthorne reads in
a lovely quiet voice): In my **F**ather's House are
Many Mansions . .

(The room has grown darker, until only Mrs. Hawthorne's
face is seen, then all is flooded with a golden light.
Mrs. Hawthorne stretches out her arms and her face
shines as if transfigured. She gets the message that
her child has passed over the River.)

Slow Curtain

The End.



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